



Wale delin. Boyce sculp.
*Fortune obstructing the Genius of Poetry
in its Ascent to the Temples of Learning & Fame.*



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*Fortune obstructing the Genius of Poetry
in its Ascent to the Temples of Learning & Fame.*

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By SAMUEL BOYCE.

As yet a Child, nor yet a Fool to Fame,
I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.

POPE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall*;
J. NEWBERRY, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; and
W. REEVE, in *Fleet-Street*. M.DCC.LVII.

P O E M S

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DEC 22 1917
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SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Welsh fund
BY SAMUEL BOYCE

I light in numbers, for the numbers came,
As yet a child, not yet a fool to name.

Topic

L O N D O N

Printed for R. and J. DODDLEY, in Pall-mall,
J. NEWBERY, in St. Paul's Church-yard; and
W. REEVE, in Fleet-street, in Great-Britain.

ADVERTISEMENT,

THE following juvenile pieces were written as opportunity invited: Nature consecrated their author to the muses, but Fortune to a study widely different: the influence of the former, were it only to sustain existence, must be circumscrib'd by the latter; and, as our English Homer very justly observes,

*One Science only will one Genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.**

It was thought necessary to mention this, that criticism might peruse this miscellany with a smother brow. The Cantatas, Songs, &c. herein inserted, have already stood the public trial; and the author retains a grateful sense of that applause, with which the town has received them, as well as his other similar productions, at the Theatres and public Gardens.

This subscription was open'd at the instance of his friends; desirous of serving him in a method in which he was incapable to serve himself; there being many qualities requisite to an undertaker of a work of this kind, the principal one a consummate stock of effrontery, of which he ingenuously confesses himself not the possessor. He embraces this opportunity to return his sincere acknowledgements to those who have interested themselves in his favour; particularly to James Steere, Esq; and Mr. Samuel Shuckburgh.

* Pope's Essay on Criticism.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following juvenile pieces were written as opportunity invited: Nature consoled their support to the mules, but Fortune to a study widely different: the influence of the former, were it only to sustain existence, must be circumscribed by the latter; and as our English Homer very justly observes,

26 and is cut, to narrow human soil. *
On Science and will one Genius fit;

It was thought necessary to mention this, that criticism might better be met with a friendly brow. The Committee, however, have already had the public mind, and the author remains a grateful friend of that apartment, with which the town has revolved them, as well as his other similar productions, at the Theatre and Public Gardens.

102
Mr. Samuel Shuckburgh.

1912

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13



To the Right Honourable the
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
 Baron WARKWORTH, of Warkworth Castle,
 Knight of the Most Noble Order of the
 GARTER, &c.

My LORD,
THE greatest writers have thought it essential to their works, to appear before the public under the sanction of some rever'd pa-

tronage; it certainly must be much more so to one, who with a just diffidence of his claim to any superior merit, confines his ambition to rank among the minor poets.

Amid' the nipping blasts of malevolence and censure, the tender shoots of Parnassus are apt to shrink and wither, but beam'd upon by the sun of protection unfold their beauties, and expand, through every leaf to inhale the genial ray. May it be my good fortune not to be thought unworthy of the honour your LORDSHIP has been graciously pleas'd to grant, of prefixing your name to these poems! A name so pre-eminently glorious in our British annals; which every tongue in the present age repeats with extacy, at recollection of the beneficence
and

DEDICATION.



and goodness of your LORDSHIP's mind; whose noble exertions are seconded by a LADY, possess'd of all those eminent, and amiable qualities of the head and heart, that can adorn her own sex, and command the respectful homage of ours.

'Tis yours to chase sorrow from the face of the distress'd; Poverty lifts up the eye of gratitude, for that asylum, of which you are the actuating spirit, founded for the relief of its misery. From the generous patronage of such, what may not the too long neglected Arts and Sciences expect? to which our climate is as favourable as that of Rome, or Athens. Britain has produc'd geniuses of every kind; she shou'd too boast her encouragers; and
grateful

DEDICATION.

grateful posterity will rank your LORDSHIP
with the Mæcenæ of Rome.

I have the happiness to be, with the utmost
deference and respect,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

most humble, and

devoted Servant,

SAMUEL BOYCE.

A

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E R R A T A.

PAGE 60, Line 14, for *Scolastic* read *Scholastic*. P. 63, l. 15, for *Monach* read *Monarch*. P. 91, l. 2, for *in* read *is*. P. 92, l. 14, for *Cripple* read *Cripples*. P. 151, l. 13, read *all his Saints*. P. 156, l. 4, *dele may*. P. 164, l. 7, for *renown'd* read *renown'd*. P. 170, l. 8, in *Sir's* *dele the Apostrophe*. P. 176, l. 5, for *The* read *Thy*. P. 176, l. 13, for *Their* read *There*. P. 178, in the last Line, for *ever* read *over*. P. 204, l. 6, for *Their* read *They're*. P. 114, l. 9, for *Beauty* read *Plenty*. P. 114, l. 10, after *prompt* read *us*.



GLORY,

G L O R Y,

A N

O D E ;

T O

His ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE.

I.

GLORY! thou idol of th' exalted soul,
Thou emanation of th' eternal mind,

Whose vivid beams the mists of life controul,

And rouse the man superior to mankind,

To thee the muse aspires, on trembling wings,

Happy, if royal WILLIAM listen while she sings

B

II.

II.

But, oh, inform me, for thou best can'st tell,

In whom so bright thy magic image lives !

Behold his worth o'er dignity excell !

He gives to grandeur all that grandeur gives :——

Goddeſs, I view thee radiant in his fame,

Confess the diſtant warmth, and ſooth th' encourag'd

[flame.

III.

When each celeſtial virtue proudly ſtrove

Whoſe pow'r ſupreme ſhould in the Prince be ſhewn,

You, ſweet enchantreſs ! charm'd his heart to love,

And in his boſom fix'd your ſun-bright throne.

There ſaw the graces ripen and refine,

And taught the Great and Good in faireſt light to ſhine.

IV.

IV.

Inspir'd by thee, he glow'd with martial flame,
 With emulation of immortal deeds;
 Such as at Agincourt gain'd deathless fame,
 Or such of Cressy's plain as record reads;
 And long'd to act the wond'rous conquests o'er:
 Britannia soon admir'd, whom now her sons adore.

V.

Ready he wak'd at war's sonorous call,
 And brav'd at Dettingen the hostile field;
 And whilst our Sov'reign triumph'd o'er the Gaul,
 Sunk pride in dust, and made ambition yield,
 Full in his view, the offspring-warriour bled!
 The blood was Brunswick!—GLORY, from thy foun-
 [tain-head.

VI.

At Fontenoy thou wert the hero's guide ;
 Thee he pursu'd in action and in thought ;
 Lewis, afraid, progressive valour ey'd :
 Amaz'd to see how English courage fought :
 Tho' vict'ry smil'd not, tho' alliance fail'd,
 Yet in thy brightest roll the mighty day prevail'd,

VII.

Hark, Caledonia threatens her sister land !
 Again her clans unite in bold array ;
 Rome's honour'd Vagrant heads the factious band,
 Who rage for plunder, and who kill for pay ;
 Invasion succours, freedom takes th' alarm ;
 Arm ! loyalty exclaims ; the nation echoes—Arm.

VIII.

VIII.

The british squadrons dare rebellion's pow'r,

Hopeful to meet thee on th' important day ;

But, ah, our genius govern'd not the hour !

Oh, mem'ry snatch thy images away !

The Valiant wing'd th' imputed flight of fear ;

Thou, GLORY, wert eclips'd ; no CUMBERLAND was

[near.

IX.

The clouds of dread the wond'ring isle o'ercaft,

On base subversion, rises pale difmay ;

Near, and more near, the mad banditti hafte,

And terror and deftruction mark their way ;

Now, with parental care our Monarch grieves,

And to his warlike fon his royal mandate gives.

X.

'Twas you, oh, Goddess! whisper'd to the throne,
 To bid your fav'rite fight the gen'ral cause;
 His parent-king's, his country's, and his own,
 And be—what e'er a mighty hero was:
 Warm'd by your fires, tho bleak the frozen skies,
 He quits the arms of ease, and on to vengeance flies.

XI.

Rebellion now precipitates retreat;
 The Duke's advances, Treason's hope confound;
 Their conscious hearts anticipate defeat,
 And CUMBERLAND bears millions in the found:
 The trait'rous bands to native wilds proceed;
 But justice can pursue where ever guilt can lead.

XII.

XII.

To time's last hour thou, GLORY, shalt display
 The honours WILLIAM at Culloden won ;
 Where vain presumption fell th' unpity'd prey,
 And slaughter crush'd what perfidy begun :
 His abject life the frustrate Leader bore,
 But visionary realms, and golden dreams were o'er.

XIII.

When Noah fought th' avenging flood to prove,
 Forth from the ark he bade the raven roam ;
 This embassy was hapless ; but the dove,
 Like WILLIAM, brought the olive-emblem home ;
 Hear the fav'd nation, emulous commend,
 Prince, patriot, gen'ral, conq'ror, guardian, friend!

XIV.

XIV.

Imperial Goddess ! 'tis to thee we owe

Whate'er his soul suggests, or arm atchieves ;

Despair shall wound us from no foreign blow,

While shines thy sun, and godlike WILLIAM lives,

Not unreveng'd proud Gallia shall provoke,

If Heav'n and thou but prompt the great vindictive stroke.

XV.

Diffuse that warmth thy much-lov'd hero feels ;

Render our councils what they were of yore ;

Expell the heart that sense of wrong conceals,

And in the land thy sacred shrine restore.

Oh, save our country ! ev'ry Briton cries,

Thou GLAD'NER of the earth, thou BRIGHT'NER of

[the skies.

PARIS.

[9]

P A R I S;

O R,

The FORCE of BEAUTY,

A

P O E M.

C A N T O I.

THE force of Beauty, and the signal hour,
When Love's great goddess evidenc'd her pow'r;
How Grandeur, Valour, Wisdom, Beauty, strove,
In brightest charms, th' ascendancy to prove;
The spleen-sprung motive, emulative scene,
The judge, the vanquish'd, and the victor-queen,
My song proclaims!——Ye FAIR of british birth!
Sweet pride of Albion! fam'd throughout the earth!

C

Whom

Whom nature stamps with ev'ry grace refin'd,
 To fix the fancy, to exalt the mind,
 Improve content, repel the shafts of woe,
 Insure us heav'n, and lengthen life below ;
 Who bid the patriot glow, the warrior arm,
 The merchant traffic, and the poet charm ;
 For You ! my muse attunes her artless lyre ;
 Glows as you fan ; exults as you inspire :
 Blind to the gleam that lights the classic lore,
 Undestin'd at the midnight lamp to pore ;
 Whence sons of science catch th' impulsive ray,
 Like Cynthia from the monarch of the day ;
 A volunteer, at youthful fancy's call,
 I court your smiles ; the source, the end of all.
 Hear, soft enchantresses ! your herald sing,
 Whom Greatness shelters with expanded wing :

Ye milder judges ! bless your vot'ry's cause,
Smooth Censure's brow, and bribe the world's applause.

In those far-distant times, as records say,
When All acknowledg'd delegated sway ;
Then Jove, th' eternal arbiter of all,
Who but in mandate rul'd this penfile ball,
To gentler joys his mighty heart inclin'd ;
Beauty usurp'd dominion o'er his mind,
And taught the god each varied form to wear,
That charm'd the fancy of the fav'rite Fair :
At length sincerity his soul impress'd,
And virtue join'd the passion in his breast ;
Thetis, whose will the surging waves obey,
Chac'd from his heart variety away.
Thus soon as Sol reveals the morning light,
Vanquish'd are all the fainter fires of night.

He, at whose nod peal thunders through the sky,
 Vibrates the earth, and livid lightnings fly;
 Who bids confusion through the orbs be hurl'd,
 Or smiles on high, to cheer the nether world;
 Th' Imperial! now the god of love subjects;
 He sees, adores; he wishes, and expects:
 That warmth which drinks from fancy's glow its ray,
 And shed its gleam ere nature's primal day;
 That taught crude atoms to condense in one;
 Diffus'd through life, and center'd in the sun,
 The monarch feels!—No artful form he tries;
 A gen'rous passion's stranger to disguise;
 Thetis he woos connubial bliss to share,
 Nor frown'd reluctance in the regal fair:
 She sooths with hope th' almighty soul of pow'r,
 Wings ev'ry thought, and 'raptures ev'ry hour.

Shall

Shall fate, as in the mortal, dare arrest
 The resolutions of th' immortal breast?
 'Twas so ordain'd :——Prometheus, from his cliff,
 Th' Eternal hail'd, and thus enforc'd belief :
 Oh, thou ! whose just decree I undergo,
 Link'd to this rock of never-ceasing woe,
 Lift' what from Themis' oracle I've learn'd !
 What thou, Omniscient, hast not yet discern'd ;
 Thee I revere, tho' tortur'd by thine ire ;
 " The son shall prove more pow'rful than the fire
 " Of Thetis born."——So breath'd the sacred sound :
 While this he spake, Jove heard with brow profound ;
 The truths prophetic on his mind imprest,
 And love and reason war'd within his breast :
 That prompts the pow'r a regal right t' assume,
 The goddess wed, and 'joy her virgin bloom ;

This

This bids him shun the source of future harms;

Nor trust the dear illusion of her charms :

At length 'tis fix'd ; from reason passion flies ;

Kindness survives, but soft sensation dies.

Prometheus, lo, thy doom repeal'd ! he cries,

Thy shackles break ; to pristine freedom rise ;

Thy tyrant bleeds !——Swift, at the royal word,

Alcides shot th' unfatiated Bird ;

The god resigns, as jealous of his reign,

And Peleus wins the empress of the main.

Ye youths ! to whom love's tender dart is known,

Whose soul indulges meltings not its own,

Touch'd with the trickling smart, the pang sincere,

Tho' sweet, yet painful ; and tho' soft, severe ;

What tho' th' inspirer, conscious of her sway,

Join wish to wish, uniting ray with ray,

Yet if some adverse planet threat your loves,
 If prudence speak what passion disapproves,
 Oh, hear like Jove! revere the sacred voice,
 And give to fortune, whom you'd take by choice.
 Nor you, ye Fair! the disappointment grieve,
 Whose heart, reluctant, whom it loves must leave;
 Shield pale despondence from the blooming cheek,
 Nor let the look the secret mind bespeak;
 Recall your charms, relume the brilliant eye,
 And lend love's keener lightning wings to fly;
 Like Thetis, thus enkindling new desire,
 Another youth shall fan another fire.

Now Fame extends her silver trump on high;
 Peleus and Thetis, eccho through the sky;
 Theffalia's plain's proclaim'd the nuptial scene,
 And Hermes hastes to bid the pow'rs convene.

The gates of heav'n unfold ; the skies divide ;
 Jove first descended, Juno by his side ;
 Mars smooth'd his front, remitting hostile care,
 And deign'd like honour to th' illustrious pair ;
 Pallas, bright martial maid ! became a guest,
 Her polish'd cuirass glitt'ring on her breast ;
 Venus appear'd, drawn by her cooing doves,
 With Cupid, and a band of little Loves ;
 Then Momus came, and Bacchus, ivy-crown'd ;
 That much for laughter ; this for wine renown'd :
 Next Pan approach'd, with all his sylvan throng,
 True sons of mirth, of music, dance, and song.
 Ceres advanc'd, with blushing Flora join'd,
 Adorn'd with various sweets, in wreaths entwin'd.
 No more the savage prey Diana chac'd,
 But, with her vestal tribe, th' assembly grac'd ;

And Neptune urg'd his chariot o'er the main,
 The Nymphs and Trytons laughing in his train ;
 While the glad waves, as conscious of the day,
 Just met to kiss, and mingling roll'd away ;
 Earth, Ocean, smil'd ; Sol shone with rapture bright ;
 Joy chear'd the heart, and pleasure charm'd the sight.
 No river God, no Nereid of the floods,
 No rural Faun, nor Dryad of the woods ;
 No pow'r within th' unlimited domain
 Of Jupiter, but trod the festal plain,
 Save Discord :—She, with soul of fiend-like birth,
 Exil'd from heav'n, nor less abhor'd on earth,
 Unask'd was absent :—justly Prudence guess'd
 Her presence noxious at a bridal feast :
 Hence sprung contention.—Where old Chaos keeps
 Its reign primæval, midst rocks, wilds, and steeps ;

D

Just

Just emblem of her ever-jarring mind,
 Where vapours dank, and horrid glooms combin'd ;
 Through which she steams her pestilential breath,
 That putrifies the air, and wings with death ;
 That bids sweet Peace her olive branch let fall,
 And savage war depopulate the ball ;
 Curst faction float its native land with gore,
 And golden commerce fly th' affrighted shore :
 There brooding Discord mourn'd her destin'd lot !
 Excluded, slighted, hated, and forgot ;
 Her glaring eyes her inward rage exprest,
 And mad'ning 'rose her genius in her breast ;
 In wish she blasts the joys th' Immortals share,
 As faded maidens curse the wedded fair ;
 Scheme rush'd on scheme to damp their genial mirth,
 When, lo, her ultimate device had birth.

To rouse the Fair at self-affection's call,
 And fan through them, diffention's flame in all.
 Hymen just bound th' indissoluble tie ;
 Just had th' acclaim of joy transpierc'd the sky,
 When Discord, imperceptible to view,
 Her signal apple mid' the circle threw :
 Radiant as those which Atalanta brib'd,
 The missive gold, the prize was thus inscrib'd :
THIS LET THE FAIREST TAKE.—As when the Swains
 At summer's dawn assembled on the plains ;
 Some blooming maid, their rural queen to move,
 Whose soul is innocence, whose look is love,
 Round the wreath'd-pole, in mirthful mood advance,
 Urge active feats, or join in sprightly dance ;
 If chance th' inspiring nymph a smile impart,
 And thus exult : One shepherd wins my heart,

Each youth already deems the fair possess,
 And conscious merit plumes in ev'ry breast.
 So ev'ry goddess thought the Prize her right,
 And saw her beauty in ambition's light;
 Debate ran high, festivity expir'd,
 And blushing pleasure with a frown retir'd.
 But as th' opposing winter yields to spring,
 That bids the meads re-smile, the groves re-sing,
 So, with just deference to superior claim,
 At length the goddesses relinquish fame,
 To Juno, Pallas, or the Queen of Love,
 Who, fix'd as fate, in emulation strove.
 When thus the awful empress of the sky;
 Can Jove this conflict view with patient eye?
 Are charms like mine in silent doubt conceal'd?
 Proclaim the conquest; bid th' inferior yield!

Jove

Jove pensive heard the sov'reign-like request ;
 Reluctant, thus his sentiments address ;
 Illustrious Rivals, deities supreme !
 Partial might our determination seem.
 Two principles construct the female soul,
 An axis each to th' agitating whole ;
 Round these, eccentric, hopes, fears, wishes, move ;
 One pride innate, and one contracted love :
 When e'er some soft desire the bosom breeds,
 And, issuing forth, the fancy'd form succeeds,
 Then This revolving each idea cheers,
 And rapt in extacy the fair appears.
 But if repulse the fond excursion meet,
 And, sadly baulk'd, the hope-wing'd wish retreat,
 Then That with instant revolution turns ;
 The passions rage, and all the female burns.

All

All model'd thus, whom gods or men revere,
 A woman's woman, whatsoe'er her sphere.
 Hence, tho' transcendent charms due honour gain,
 Yet disappointment wou'd the judge arraign.
 Where Ida lifts her summit to the skies,
 As o'er the lesser mountains proud to rise,
 A shepherd dwells, of more exalted kind,
 Graceful his form, nor un-adorn'd his mind;
 Youth blooms his face, yet sense expands his fame,
 Love warms his bosom, Paris is his name.
 If some coy fair her fix'd adorer wrong,
 Whose pipe is mute, whose voice neglects its song;
 If some false heart a melting nymph betray,
 Who, fondly ruin'd, sighs her soul away;
 If rival youths affect some gentle maid,
 Each friend to each, and love with love repaid;

If wand'ring flocks distress the peaceful swain,
 Or variance kindle through the sylvan Train;
 All haste to him; whose skill surmounts his years;
 His voice determines, as his council cheers:
 To him, fair glory's candidates! away;
 Him I depute the umpire of the day!
 Bright Maia's offspring! thou the fruit receive;
 This, with our great behest, to Paris give:
 Charge him, inspect, with neutral ray, intent,
 Each fair celestial, panting for th' event;
 And to that goddess, whose excelling pow'r
 Compells at once to wonder and adore;
 Whose beauty, beaming with unrivall'd light,
 Attracts his soul, and captivates his sight,
 Resign the Prize.—This let his candour prove,
 And act as fits the delegate of Jove.

The

The queens, submissive, for th' essay prepare,
 And mount their chariots with important air ;
 By Hermes usher'd, now aloft they fly,
 Through æther steer, and wheel along the sky ;
 Less swift fierce vultures cut the liquid way,
 Not swifter wings the lightning's rapid ray ;
 Now fancy views 'em luminous afar ;
 Less, and still less, each empyrean car ;
 Now clouds involve 'em !—Check rash muse the rein !
 Thy sight's eluded, and th' excursion vain :
 Before th' idalian mount the Beauties grace
 Be Paris sung, the youth of regal race ;
 His high descent, his mystic life relate,
 A prince by fortune, but a swain by fate.
 Compress'd by Priam, Dimas' * filial joy,
 Fair Hecuba, conceiv'd the lovely boy :

* King of Thrace.

Yet while an embrio in the womb he lay,
 His little heart just warm'd with life's first ray ;
 When fancy rules the teeming parent's mind,
 And passive nature, to her pow'r resign'd,
 Works on herself, as she suggests adheres,
 And sadly fooths the phantoms of her fears ;
 Then Hecuba, enwrap'd in sleep profound,
 While night's meridian horrors gloom'd around,
 A dream surpriz'd ; and, obvious to her sight,
 Her offspring show'd, A Torch of blazing Light.
 The vision'd-birth deep on her spirits prey'd ;
 Her bosom throb'd for more than human aid ;
 She, lost to peace, with terror in her thought,
 Before the sacred tripod counsel fought ;
 And su'd the voice divine her dream t'unfold :
 Responsive, thus the future truths were told :

E

“ Thy

" Thy promis'd son his country shall destroy ;
 " Cause wars to ravage ; flames demolish Troy."
 Th' afflicted queen indulg'd the heaving sigh ;
 Dread chill'd her heart, and sorrow dim'd her eye :
 All sweetly sad, and eloquent in tears,
 She breath'd the harsh decree in Priam's ears :
 Troy's genius fan'd the spark of patriot flame ;
 His country's love repell'd the softer claim ;
 Tho' tender passion taught his heart to melt,
 The monarch stifled what the parent felt :
 His queen he cheer'd ; and when the child was born,
 The mother's pity, but the father's scorn,
 'Twas doom'd to death, by Archelaus's hand :
 His sov'reign spoke ; he bow'd to the command.
 This charge recall'd fair Hecuba's dismay ;
 Nature not there was torn so soon away ;

Without

Without the joy, she knew a mother's smart,
 And with maternal fondness ach'd her heart ;
 The trickling tears reveal'd her soul forlorn,
 As pearly dew-drops indicate the morn ;
 Does this, she cry'd, reward my pregnant pain ?
 Ah, why so kind, Lucina, since in vain !
 Sweet smiling infant, just alive to die !
 Oh, shed, ye gods, compassion from the sky !
 She su'd in private Archelaus's ear,
 The chief whose name inspir'd the trump of fear ;
 In war all-dreadfull, as in peace resign'd,
 His aspect martial, but humane his mind,
 In secret audienc'd, thus her suit began :
 Shall guiltless blood attaint a gallant man ?
 Forbid it heav'n !——Oh, born the lance to wield,
 Wife in the camp, and glorious in the field,

Deign in a woman's cause the palm to wear !
 When prov'd the brave ungen'rous to the fair ?
 Thou hadst a mother !——From her first embrace,
 Just as her eyes had wanton'd o'er thy face,
 Hadst thou been torn, to lose thy life's small pow'r,
 The same thy natal and thy mortal hour,
 Judge what her pangs had been ! then picture mine,
 And ward impending fate !—Life, death, is thine !
 Touch'd was the chief his kindness to impart,
 Nor had his mail repell'd compassion's dart ;
 For pity's ever with true courage join'd.
 Th' intrepid warrior thus disclos'd his mind :
 The destin'd purpose of our monarch's soul
 Nor pray'r can mitigate, nor pow'r controul ;
 But by this sword, this victor sword ! I swear,
 Which peace respects, and bold invaders fear,

The prince shall live !—Let that my queen appease ;

Death shall in foreign features Priam please.

Unconscious of his throne, or royal fire

Below all greatness, yet above desire ;

Where nature reigns, recess'd in calm content,

There shall the prince, an orphan charge, be sent :

Thus one mild tenor may his life employ,

And fate revoke the threaten'd doom of Troy.

As soft Aurora, shedding orient day,

Diverts the gloom, and drives the night away ;

So sounds like these, through Hecuba's fond ear,

Chear her sad soul, and banish her despair :

Had not the oracle impell'd her fear,

Parting had seem'd ev'n more than death severe ;

But sorrow oft inverts itself to joy ;

To part was sweet, since life wou'd bless her boy :

Reflection

Reflection there parental anguish eas'd,
 And all the mother in the queen was pleas'd.
 She thank'd the chief; but faint her thanks express'd
 The gratitude that panted in her breast.
 Submiss withdrew th' imparter of relief,
 Glad at her joy, as sadden'd at her grief:
 His gen'rous heart fulfill'd his sworn intent,
 And to the sylvan throng the babe was sent.
 Th' idalian swains the little foundling lov'd,
 And ev'ry nymph its foster-mother prov'd;
 Paris they nam'd him, watch'd his infant day,
 And led his rip'ning years in virtue's way:
 Unconscious of his rank, they taught his mind
 The earliest labours of the rural kind:
 'Twas his, when morning op'd its saffron eyes,
 Till Hesper twinkled in the dusky skies,

The

The scrip replete, and studded crook to bear ;
 To 'tend the herds, and guard the fleecy care.
 Soon bright perfection in the boy was seen,
 Fair was his aspect, comely was his mein ;
 And sick'ning nymphs confess'd love's tender dart,
 But most Oenone triumph'd in his heart ;
 Yet ev'ry grace that spoke his form refin'd,
 Seem'd faint to th' emanation of his mind,
 This to the sense disclos'd inherent worth ;
 That to the eye reveal'd superior birth.
 Each rural sage, whom years had render'd wise,
 Vers'd in the glebe, and studious of the skies,
 Saw in the youth, in life's uncertain prime,
 Proficient nature equal art and time :
 And such mature abilities appear'd,
 That whom at first they pitied, they rever'd.

End of the first Canto.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

NOW heav'n-born muse ! thy sacred succour bring ;
 Resume the theme which tun'd thy voice to sing ;
 In my rapt soul infuse the warmth of thine,
 And lend my fancy's paintings light to shine.

Where milky flocks in gambols sport around,
 Where varied beauties deck the smiling ground,
 Where aromatic incense fills the sky,
 And all the prospect wins th' enraptur'd eye ;
 The grass his couch, his canopy a tree,
 Now, on yon cloud-topt summit, Paris see !
 Hark, from his reed what soft'ning sounds aspire !
 The melting measures hush the feather'd choir ;
 To catch his sweeter notes they croud each spray,
 And list'ning hear their little souls away :

Through

Through vocal air the strains mellifluous fly,
 The streams re-echo, and the hills reply.
 And now, descending through the wide expanse,
 All radiant, lo, the heav'nly train advance!
 The car-prest clouds sink circling tow'rd the ground;
 A flood of glory pours the scene around:
 Now the gay chariots print th' enamel'd green,
 And now alights each heart-exulting queen.
 As when a meteor, streaming æther through,
 Attracts some sage's unsuspecting view;
 Tho' conscious virtue bid to fear controul,
 Yet wonder sheds a tremor o'er his soul;
 So Paris, tho' in innocence array'd,
 The seeming vision, trac'd in awe, survey'd.
 Down drops the reed from out his trembling hands,
 He starts, dread chills him, motionless he stands!

When Merc'ry thus address'd——Oh, youth renown'd,
 With wit enlighten'd, and with judgment crown'd;
 By friendship valu'd, dear to beauty's eye,
 So lov'd on earth, so honour'd from on high!
 Dismiss thy fears, these rival queens survey,
 Nor dream of danger in such bright array!
 Hermes am I! 'tis mine through realms of air,
 The sacred mandates of the gods to bear;
 I cleave the sky at Jupiters decree,
 And now I come his substitute to thee.
 While bridal joys late charm'd th' immortal Pow'rs,
 And mirth and rapture 'wak'd the laughing hours,
 Discord, whose thoughts the balm of peace disdain,
 Who feels no bliss but in another's pain,
 This Apple, for the brightest goddess meant,
 To kindle strife, and nurture discontent,

Amidst

Amidst th' assembly hurl'd!——Joy fled the place,
 And ev'ry fair was robb'd of ev'ry grace;
 'Twas contest all!——at length, reflection's beam
 Eclips'd self-love, and these were own'd supreme:
 But which supreme of these must thou explore!
 Jove spake the word, and contest was no more.
 Shepherd, inspect, with neutral ray intent,
 Each fair celestial, panting for th' event;
 And to that goddess, whose excelling pow'r
 Compells at once to wonder and adore;
 Whose beauty, beaming with unrivall'd light,
 Attracts thy soul, and captivates thy sight,
 Relinquish the Prize!——This let thy candour prove;
 And act as fits the delegate of Jove.
 No more he spoke.——The youth the glitt'ring Prize
 Receives with mien submissive, and thus replies:

And am I then, an humble lowly swain,
 Whom nature dooms the tenant of the plain;
 Whose sense but from her spring its maxims draws,
 Am I thought adequate to judge this cause?
 He bids who knows; hence diffidence away,
 'Tis Jove commands, and Paris must obey;
 A secret pride my artless bosom fires,
 And he who dignifies at once inspires.
 But as the rose amidst encircling flow'rs,
 In fragrant vales, or amaranthine bow'rs,
 May for a while, tho' beauteous o'er the rest,
 Bloom to the seeking organ unconfest,
 Singly be try'd each fair assertor's claim!
 Hear this, ye lovely candidates of fame!
 And, lest deception look with truth's clear eye,
 And art with nature proudly hope to vie,

Let

Let ev'ry goddess, patent to the day,
 Each robe-hid charm, each secret grace display:
 The cloud-cast sun no gleam of joy inspires,
 And beauty scorns what vanity requires.
 He said.

When Juno, dignified in mien,
 As rank ordain'd, before each other queen
 Advanc'd: imperial pomp adorn'd her face,
 And god-like grandeur glow'd in ev'ry grace:
 A radiant crown the awful empress wore;
 Her snowy hand a silver scepter bore;
 Her spreading ringlets shot the di'mond's light;
 Her robe was all-magnificently bright:
 That robe, which now expanding to the view,
 Reveal'd those charms the thund'rer only knew:

In

In naked majesty the goddess shone ;
 She wav'd her scepter'd hand and thus begun :
 Shepherd, attend ! 'tis Juno's voice you hear,
 Jove's kindred consort ! great without compeer !
 I rule his heart who rules through boundless space,
 Then judge how blest who lives in Juno's grace ;
 So may'st thou live ; for such is Jove's decree,
 That Juno waits her destiny from thee :
 She ! too elate in pow'r, too high of soul
 To pardon insult, or to brook controul.
 As the pale orb, that cheers the noon of night,
 To phœbus in meridian splendor bright ;
 As ev'ry star that gilds the blue serene,
 Compar'd to cynthia, night's sweet silver queen,
 So faint to me these bold opposers shine,
 Whose beauty's destin'd but a foil to mine.

Think

Think not the Prize I'd have thee yet impart;

No;—partial verdict injures true desert.

The wreath of glory be by conflict gain'd;

Poor is the conquest easily obtain'd :

Then let each rival full resistance make,

Lest folly blush not at its own mistake ;

Yet what they offer, Paris, disregard ;

They mean to bribe thee, I but to reward.

If wealth allure thee, if ambition fire,

If grandeur shine the object of desire ;

Which ever glows within thy soul supreme,

I'll fan its light, and teach that light to beam ;

Or shou'd they all incite thy secret sighs,

Know, in a monarch, thou to all shalt rise !

I'll snatch thee, shepherd, from degrading fate,

And lift thee high, pre-eminently great ;

Thy

Thy hand shall stretch a scepter o'er the ball,
 And at thy nod shall kingdoms rise or fall ;
 For thee the mine shall teem, the seas shall roll,
 And commerce spread her wings from pole to pole ;
 Pomp and magnificence shall round thee shine,
 And glory brighten ev'ry act of thine.

Thus Juno spoke, with conquest in her eye ;
 Thus beauty's judge, yet doubtful, made reply :

Did my fond thoughts on schemes of greatness roll,
 Did vanity's false glare illude my soul,
 Thy words, oh, goddess, such rewards proclaim,
 The man wou'd sink, and all the monarch flame !
 But, taught the voice of nature to prefer,
 My bosom still beats consonant to her.

From

From kings imperial, to the meanest slave,

Th' Eternal Cause responsive passions gave ;

In ev'ry soul they prompt the same respect,

Alike in name, tho' various in effect :

If Pan benignant bless my fleecy care,

I crave no more ; my wealth is center'd there ;

If by my heart ambition's underfood,

I feel its glow, the pride of being Good ;

Survey the flow'ry lawns, the chequer'd shades,

Rocks, rills, floods, fountains, grottos, groves, and glades ;

Behold how Sol, now tow'ring up the skies,

Bright, and more bright, bids ev'ry prospect rise !

I this all grandeur artlessly define ;

Still be in this degree these blessings mine.

Jove forms the mind of man to suit its state ;

Happy in that, disunion were its fate.

What nature craves kind providence supplies,
 Joy to the sense, and pleasure to the eyes,
 Bids the earth teem with vegetative care,
 The full bud blossom, and the blossom bear,
 The vital spirit warm through land, air, flood :
 And shall the heart wish more ? Ingratitude !
 Ah, what avail the pageantries of state !
 Care still finds entrance at the regal gate ;
 Dulls the high mind, with pale reflection fraught,
 And draws its sable curtain o'er the thought ;
 Silent in grief, it looks with flatt'ry's eye,
 While the sad heart gives dignity the lye.
 Plume, competency, o'er my soul thy wing !
 There let the bird of sweet contentment sing !
 And long as heav'n this blessing shall dispense,
 May yon submissive flocks own me their prince !

This

This humble crook my scepter be confest,

And peace the diadem within my breast !

While fancy's-felf shall bound my empire's scene,

Already loyal to a fav'rite queen.

Nor deem it insult, goddess, I decline

Thy honours, be my heart's warm tribute thine :

The same thy goodness in th' intent as giv'n ;

The same my duty to the queen of heav'n.

Partial's the judge by future favour bought,

Indiff'rence only acts the thing it ought ;

And justice, pregnant with its own reward,

Demands, that nought but beauty meet regard.

The shepherd spoke.

Then Pallas, fierce array'd,

Whom Vulcan summon'd from the thund'rer's head,

Approach'd : tho' martial prowess arm'd her look,

Yet with a mild complacency she spoke :

Thou arbitrator of this glorious cause,

Whose hand shall sanctify supreme applause,

By what criterion's beauty to be known ?

Reason replies " Each fancy forms its own."

Hence, tho' this frame war's dreaded ensigns bear ;

Tho' olive-twin'd this golden helm I wear ;

Arm'd with the lance, and blazing gorgon shield,

That glares terrific in the hostile field ;

Ev'n in this form, as in this open face,

Beauty may shine with no inferior grace :

Bright in the eye, and blooming on the cheek,

It wins th' effeminate, and charms the weak ;

Through diff'rent optics views th' exalted soul,

Whose plaudit waits the corresponding whole ;

Such

Such to her sense Minerva pictures thee ;
 Th' apparent semblance may reflection see !
 If by the pile th' internal pomp's defin'd,
 If the deportment indicate the mind,
 Sure thou wert meant to brighten, and aspire,
 To mount in fame, and bid the world admire !
 Tho' fortune's gloom impede thy promis'd day,
 Minerva's pow'r shall chase the mist away ;
 Exalt thy name, irradiate thy renown,
 In danger guard thee, and with honours crown.
 In war's career, when adverse legions rage,
 While sword with sword, and lance with lance engage :
 When vict'ry hovers o'er each host in air,
 And doubtful chiefs to Pallas breathe the pray'r ;
 I give my fav'rite hero to succeed ;
 Lead on ; and conquest follows where I lead !

Then

Then round his brow the wreaths of triumph twine,
 And, through the mortal, bid th' immortal shine :
 Peace waits his steps ; all gloriously he comes !
 Sweet sound the trumps, and glad some beat the drums ;
 No more the trump evinces war's alarms ;
 No more the drum sonorous beats to arms !
 Now softer music gives to rapture birth ;
 Earth tells it heav'n, and heav'n responds to earth ;
 While banners, late unfurling with dismay,
 Court the loose gales, and with the zephyrs play.
 This, this is he ! the voice of freedom cries,
 Tho' mighty gen'rous ; and tho' dauntless wife !
 The priests advance, the festal lays begin,
 And ev'ry bosom lets the conqu'ror in ;
 While the glad ios, pealing through the sky,
 Swell his full heart, and lift his soul on high.

Gives Juno honour adequate to this?

No:—mine's eternal, her's but transient bliss.

My victor props the basis of a throne;

Then what's her king?—a man to rule alone:

Death calls, pomp leaves him, and his glory dies;

Another pageant charms the plebeian eyes;

The rising column, and the breathing bust,

May mark his tomb, and consecrate his dust;

Yet wisdom tells what prudence wou'd conceal,

Not duty this, 'tis but politic zeal:

Yet grant it duty, whence, oh, king! thy praise?

To merit this, how pass'd thy regal days?

Perhaps in indolence: th' exerting mind

Suits not the throne, 'tis fatal to mankind;

Hence feuds foment, hence factions rend a state,

While these grow warm with love, and those with hate.

Th'

Th' inactive monarch hear all lands commend!

Cowards may govern what the brave defend.

Lov'd by each heart, which no compulsion sways,

Dear to each eye, which no mean homage pays,

The hero shines!——To his great soul 'tis giv'n

T' assert the love, or urge the wrath of heav'n ;

To cherish liberty, insure the crown,

Protect the good, or pull the tyrant down.

Tho' demi-gods his kindred soul invite

To quit its clay, and mount the realms of light,

He still exists, in records that surpass

Th' indented stone, or monumental brass!

This rusts with age, time moulders that away,

But can th' embosom'd fabric know decay?

No:——imag'd there the hero's sure to stand,

God-like to mem'ry, through a grateful land:

No regal structure this, for falshood known,
 Rais'd by th' intent the heart shou'd blush to own;
 'Tis friendship's shrine, inherent love its base,
 Where glory speaks the deeds from race to race.
 Without all rev'rence, as all truth within,
 By his serv'd country in idea seen,
 The hero transmigrates from fire to son;
 Nor fate destroys what gratitude begun.
 Auspicious youth! acknowledge this divine,
 And instant, rise adopted son of mine.
 But if to milder greatness thou'rt inclin'd,
 As various views impell the various mind,
 Know over arts as over arms I reign,
 And science hails me, queen of its domain!
 'Tis I excite through nature's tracts to pry,
 And drink experience with the mental eye;

H

Wide

Wide round the world bid observation roam,
 Or traverse the terraqueous globe at home :
 I spread the mystic volume of the skies,
 And give th' explorer sanction to be wise ;
 While wonder's clouds erroneous wing their flight,
 And truth conspicuous bursts upon his sight,
 Teach him of chang'd effects the source to tell,
 And call fair knowledge from her secret cell.
 O'er sea, o'er earth, extends my potent aid,
 And incense rises to the blue-ey'd maid.
 When winds, as warring for destruction, roar,
 And rushing surges rock th' incumber'd shore,
 What pow'r directs the bark its way to form,
 Ride o'er the billows, and deceive the storm ?
 'Tis mine.—When revolution threatens a state,
 And o'er some realm impends the gloom of fate ;

The sov'reign mind to sov'reignty a prey,
 And subject whisp'ring subject's peace away ;
 What pow'r can prop th' endanger'd kingdom's fall,
 Reclaim diffension, and enliven all ?
 'Tis mine. — I prompt the patriot's filial voice ;
 He speaks, and speaking, hears the land rejoice ;
 With ev'ry art of elocution blest,
 He points the good, and murmur sinks to rest ;
 Again content embosoms in the isle,
 And ev'n rebellion smiles, or seems to smile.
 Thus wisdom urges happiness to birth,
 As heav'n-dropt dew's inspire the genial earth.
 How savage man devoid of my controul !
 How wou'd his passions war against his soul !
 Mine the soft chain licentious will that binds ;
 Mine the soft voice that wins on gentle minds ;

And mine the plaudit that reflection loves,
 When o'er himself the man a conqueror proves.
 To merit all my pow'r, the Prize resign;
 T' invest the giver with that pow'r, be mine.
 But if disarm'd this form must now be seen,
 Conceive not, swain, the fortrefs weak within;
 From this fair bosom, lo, this cuirass freed!
 Now, for itself let silent beauty plead!
 By me your genius speaks: — Oh, Paris, rise
 The mighty hero, or the mighty wife!

Minerva ended: — and impatient burn'd;
 When reason, in the shepherd's voice, return'd:

Who breathe this humble air, estrang'd to courts,
 Where wild ambition reigns, and fortune sports,

Care

Care not what nations rise to war and noise,
 While This destroying That itself destroys :
 And tho' my heart its native climate prize,
 And supplicate Troy's welfare of the skies,
 Yet trust me, goddess, I'm too calm of mind
 To wish myself the slayer of mankind.
 Say, can the warrior boast one tranquil hour?
 Does no mysterious vision awe his pow'r?
 Does ne'er reflection midst his triumphs rise,
 To sting the wretch who spurns at nature's ties?
 Who fir'd by pride, or urg'd by thirst of gain,
 Some kingly vanity, some hop'd domain,
 Cuts off his image who the being gave,
 Whose great peculiar attribute's to save?
 Can his fond country pay him with its love,
 As praise below may not be praise above?

I envy not th' exultings in his breast
 For armies slaughter'd, and for realms distrest;
 By me such triumphs wou'd be unenjoy'd,
 My heart wou'd pity whom my hand destroy'd.
 Tho' charm'd not by the trumpet's silver strain,
 Unus'd to sounds that fire the martial train,
 Yet heav'n who suits our pleasures to our sphere,
 And bids sensation know its just barrier,
 Gives melody, that sung to man the art,
 To wake my ear, and animate my heart;
 Music that first taught nature to rejoice,
 And hymn'd the great Creator with its voice:
 Soon as Aurora darts th' enliv'ning ray,
 Up mounts the lark, and hails the new-born day;
 The feather'd nations hear their herald's call,
 Each sings to each, and echo answers all:

At noon, when phœbus in the zenith reigns,
 And languid nature pants around the plains,
 Tho' mute the birds,, still music sooths the hour;
 Screen'd in the grott', or shelter'd in the bow'r,
 The rural reed, or love-concerted lay
 Diverts the fancy, wears the time away :
 At eve, when western clouds refulgent glow,
 And phœbe dawns, to light the world below,
 Then pours sweet Philomel, through dulcet throat,
 The musically, melancholy, note ;
 Tereus she mourns, all lonely on a thorn,
 While turtles coo a soft farewell till morn :
 Rills purl, brooks murmur, babbling riv'lets creep,
 To hush my thoughts, and lull my sense asleep ;
 Ev'n sleep is here by harmony refin'd,
 I slumber to the music of my mind :

Long

Long be the slumbers of the Peaceful mine ;
 The mighty hero, goddess, I decline.
 Nor pants my heart for scientific lore :
 When much is known, that knowledge thirsts for more
 Like Tantalus, the mind of science vain,
 Incessant toils for what it can't obtain.
 The lamp of sense, that glows in ev'ry breast,
 Nature illumines, that man may stand confest ;
 That good and ill may to his soul be known ;
 His int'rest pointed, but the choice his own ;
 To light the ductile thought life's sea to run,
 What haven covet, and what rocks to shun :
 Yet oft' when science sheds its op'ning day,
 This beam instinctive vanishes away ;
 At pride's first glance th' irradiation dies,
 And folly triumphs o'er the mighty wise ;

Still

Still may I view that light unfully'd shine ;

Still be the test of rural knowledge mine.

Ye sons of learning ! court the world's applause ;

Ye warriors, patriots ! fire in freedom's cause :

Be yours whate'er aspiring spirits claim,

Eternal rapture, and eternal fame !

And while you soar, with emulative zeal,

And give to kindred minds the warmth you feel,

In humbler life your virtues I'll revere ;

To rise I wish not, nor depression fear.

In truth's clear mirrour, bounteous queen, I see

Thy blessings would reverse their name with me ;

Yet, not unduteous, thou my thanks receive ;

The sole return sincerity can give ;

For one celestial claimant's yet untry'd ;

Beauty must win, and justice must decide.

Thus he.

When Venus, sweet as dawning day,
 Fair as the bosom of the milky way;
 Like nature in her summer pride display'd,
 Came on : — in magic loveliness array'd :
 Her glossy ringlets, of the auburn brown,
 With graceful wave, flow'd negligently down ;
 The loves and graces, duteous to their queen,
 Smil'd in her face, and wanton'd in her mien :
 Her eyes were taught in lambent flames to speak ;
 Young joy sat laughing on her crimson cheek ;
 And rapture on her snowy breast was seen,
 That heaving whisper'd 'twas not snow within.
 Th' ambrosial veil, of various texture loom'd,
 The zephyrs fan'd, and th' ambient air perfum'd ;

Richly

Richly bedight the filken vestment shone,
 And loofely girded was her sacred zone :
 Round which gay cupids sportively advanc'd,
 Liv'd in the work, and like young cherubs danc'd ;
 Within were stor'd the charms of love and youth,
 Enticing cunning, and insuring truth ;
 Each female artifice, each soft'ning wile,
 Smile chearing hope, and hope reviving smile ;
 With all that dignifies the sex divine !
 And bows the world to beauty's sacred shrine.
 Th' accomplish'd queen, with conscious merit fir'd,
 Awhile stood silent as the Judge admir'd ;
 Saw in his looks the blush of wonder rise,
 And read her future conquest in his eyes ;
 Then with a voice, whose modulated flow
 Induc'd the music of the spheres below ;

While silent life seem'd rapt in joy around,
 And breathing nature open'd to the sound,
 Sweet Sylvan swain! she cries, oh, blooming boy!
 Thou comeliest youth among the youths of Troy!
 Of proffer'd honours how discreet thy scorn!
 No. — Thou to wear the wreaths of love wert born;
 Its pow'r to vindicate, its dart to wield;
 A bold advent'rer in fair beauty's field,
 And victor-like, conspicuously be seen
 Beneath the banner of the paphian queen.
 While Jove indulges life to man below,
 Say, from what source felicity must flow:
 Ambition claims the diadem of pow'r;
 Solaſtic pride wou'd heav'n and earth explore,
 And cruelty adores the flaught'ring ſcene;
 While ſelf-deluſion boalts a god within:

But,

But, oh, as soon the doves that coo and bill,
 And yok'd in yon gay chariot, wait my will,
 Shall vultures turn, and love's soft ties reject,
 As joys so false a mind like thine affect !
 Beauty's alone the fount of dear delight,
 Health of the soul, and rapture of the fight ;
 Wheree'er it flows is seen nor want nor care,
 But all is greatness, glory, treasure, there :
 Oh, led by me come on to bliss supreme !
 Drink the sweet wave of that transmuting stream ;
 Exult in happiness unknown before,
 And be whate'er thy heart can wish ! and more !
 Tho' 'mongst the sylvan maids thy charms inspire
 To melt with love, and ficken with desire,
 Some blooming nymph attract thee o'er the rest,
 And mutual fondness flow from breast to breast ;

In

In each tho' tend'rest sentiments arise,
 And the glad heart catch transport from the eyes,
 Yet judge not, swain, no greater joys exist;
 Let fancy try, shou'd constancy resist.
 As beauty brightens am'rous rapture warms,
 And love expatiates with its object's charms;
 'Tis but by contrast excellence is known:
 Had Sol ne'er blaz'd how fierce had Cynthia shone!
 Graces thy warm ideas now approve,
 That lull thy senses in a dream of love,
 To rival, think how elegance must shine.
 Then wake! — and call the pictur'd charmer thine!
 Of beauty how the Grecian empire rings!
 The passing wind th' incessant pæan brings;
 A thousand hearts, enamour'd of her fame,
 Dance to the melody of Helen's name:

Ev'n she, the majesty of Sparta's state;
 Gentle as lovely, and as lovely great;
 Whose charms, evincing royalty their own,
 Illume the crown, and dignify the throne;
 She shall her diadem, her king desert,
 Proud to hail thee sole sov'reign of her heart!
 When Paris on her panting bosom lies,
 And love's soft light'nings flash from eyes to eyes;
 While the fond soul's of extacy possess,
 And each becomes the bleffer and the bless'd;
 Then will He cry, exulting in his bliss,
 Cou'd Juno, cou'd Minerva, give me This?
 No.—You, ye kings! who wealth and pow'r divide,
 Meteors of state, and victims of your pride,
 Look up, and me a greater monarch own,
 Helen I rule, this bosom is my throne!

Ye mighty victors ! who, when numbers yield,
 Call blooming glory from the deathful field,
 Confess, did ever vict'ry equal mine ?
 Helen I conquer'd ; Helen the divine !
 Ye greatly wise ! whom learning leads astray,
 Dream of the night, and phantom of the day ;
 That haunts your thoughts, retreats as you pursue,
 Defies attainment, yet illudes the view ;
 Oh, trust me knowledge waits on love's soft call !
 Love, the great origin, the source of all !
 And while my Helen shall th' instructress prove,
 No science, no philosophy's, like love !
 She, she shall teach me all I wish to know,
 While thought shall picture, and while heart shall glow !
 Here Venus paus'd, as for reply intent :
 But speaking looks disclos'd the swain's assent ;

His eyes met her's, at ev'ry glance address'd,
 The future paramour his soul possess'd ;
 Imagination to its heav'n aspir'd,
 Fancying he glow'd, and glowing he desir'd,
 That minute, by the sex conspicuous seen,
 The certain minute now impuls'd the queen,
 With magic truth th' enchantment to suppl'y,
 And prove the test of fancy to the eye.

Then thus resum'd the goddess :——dearest boy !

Helen I've promis'd ; her thou shalt enjoy !

But her own cause let Venus now defend,

Which present glory, future fame attend.

She said.——Then all at once her Cest unbound ;

Her purple vestment flutter'd to the ground :

Now charm on charm, and grace on grace refin'd,

And beauty's sun in full meridian shin'd !

The youth, too weak to bear its dazzling ray,
 In melting tendernefs, diffolv'd away ;
 Scarce flow'd the vital flood from vein to vein ;
 Scarce cou'd his breaft his beating heart contain ;
 Scarce cou'd his fenfe his foul's recess explore ;
 'Twas joy ! 'twas extacy ! 'twas something more !
 At length, reflection's calm his mind reliev'd,
 When foft the fwain to Jove this pray'r conceiv'd :
 Thou pow'r ! by whose immutable decree
 This great decifion was referr'd to me ;
 Who lov'ft the wrong to guide, the weak to teach,
 And know'ft the meaning ere it live in fpeech !
 If this be error deign thy juft controul ;
 For, oh, fuch magic captivates my foul,
 That were my foul the Prize it now were giv'n !
 Candour ! absolve the delegate of heav'n !

Thou

Thou Queen of Beauty ! take th' intitling gold ;
 The mortal yields, nor cou'd a god withhold !
 'Twas done.—The lovely Victrefs held the Prize,
 Smil'd on the boy, then cast her beaming eyes
 On Juno and Minerva ; in whose look
 The sullen voice of disappointment spoke ;
 While self-love, prominent on envy's base,
 Condemn'd the Judge, to palliate the disgrace.

Thus off', oh, Rich ! in thy theatric state,
 Where rescu'd glory braves the stroke of fate,
 Three mimic goddeffes I've known dispute ;
 A primal benefit the Golden Fruit :
 Then when the fure criterion of thy mind
 To merit has th' indulgent night assign'd,
 Pride still has deem'd the preference its due ;
 Doubting that oracle that breathes in You !

And now tow'rd heav'n th' immortal train arise,
 And first the Victor-queen ascends the skies ;
 Exultant, shews the radiant fruit above,
 And fills with gen'ral joy the court of jove ;
 While echo through th' expansive dome replies,
 " How just the verdict ! and the Judge how wise !"
 Then thus, by Jove's command, Truth spake to earth ;
 'Till varying seasons cease to wake to birth,
 'Till Sol forget to urge the car of day,
 And ancient night usurp eternal sway ;
 The heav'nly orbs harmonious order fly,
 Destruction sieze the ball, and nature die ;
 'Till then, ye sexes, shall this law dispense :
 SENSE HONOUR BEAUTY ! BEAUTY HONOUR SENSE !



[69]

A N

O D E,

PRESENTED

To his Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE,

When MARQUIS of HARTINGTON

AND

LORD LIEUTENANT of the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

In the Year, 1755.

I.

O H, thou! my soul's supreme delight,
From night to morn, from morn to night,

Enchantress of the hour:

Celestial muse! descend confess'd,

And shed, in this expanding breast,

The sun-beams of thy pow'r.

II.

II.

Thee to no trivial theme I call;

'Tis patriotism, glory all,

Invokes thy sacred fire:

High as the subject lift the lay,

Through fortune's gloom, ope' fancy's day,

Support, impel, inspire.

III.

'Tis done:—the hallow'd flame I feel,

Quick beats my heart with ardent zeal,

My glowing spirits rise.

Thus phœbus cheers the pervious earth,

Bids genial nature wake to birth,

And animates the skies.

IV.

IV.

Hark! from Ierne's sister shore,
 How rumour wafts contention o'er;
 Still fond to spread as hear!
 Wide o'er the realm expands the cloud,
 And truth compels, with clarion loud,
 Belief to trust the ear.

V.

And, lo, Hibernia's self in tears!
 What fury on her right appears,
 With up-lift poinard aim'd?
 'Tis Discord, fiend of cursed arts,
 Strife waits her mandate, peace departs,
 And all the land's inflam'd.

VI.

VI.

Averse, from her baleful eyes,
 The sun with langour, mounts the skies,
 And nature droops below;
 Her breath the vital air infects,
 Her voice, with ceaseless din, directs
 Detraction where to flow.

VII.

Shall one so hideous, man, controul
 Thy pride, thy fortitude of soul,
 Inherently inspir'd?
 Yes; jealous of its country's rights,
 A spark the loyal mind inlights;
 Allegiance quickly's fir'd.

VIII.

VIII.

“ My fons !” the injur’d goddess cries,

“ Shall fate on filial duty rise ?

“ Why with yourselves contend ?

“ Can you, who warm with patriot glow,

“ Defend me with disunion ? — No :

“ The means pervert the end.”

IX.

Her voice, with sympathetic ears,

The distant Lord of Nations hears,

And meditates redress :

He ! who asserts heav’n’s great design,

Administers the will divine,

And reigns, like Jove, to bless.

X.

'Tis this that gives the Royal fame;
Hence rev'rence waits a Brunswick's name,
Far as the ocean's known;
To Britain's king all kings submit,
Oppression's prostrate at his feet,
And mercy fills his throne.

XI.

A Vice-roy to appease the state,
He seeks among the truly Great,
For god-like worth approv'd;
Ierne, then thy genii, near,
In mem'ry's mirrour, made appear,
How Cavendish was lov'd.

XII.

XII.

In life's calm winter, now resign'd,

Like Atticus, with healthful mind,

The patriot wears his day ;

Content the race of honour's run ;

Happy, to see a darling son

Ascend the glorious way.

XIII.

His monarch views with equal eyes,

The blooming senator arise,

The Briton full express :

Him chosen from th' imperial train,

Whose wisdom guards or spreads domain,

The royal Sire address.

XIV.

“ My Hartington ! for freedom born,
 “ Whom envy'd titles can't adorn,
 “ Whose worth no king requite :
 “ To me how dear thy loyal line !
 “ In thee how bright their virtues shine,
 “ In glory's fairest light !

XV.

“ Haste to Ierne's shaken land !
 “ Select thy pow'rs, the mental band,
 “ And silence party's roar ;
 “ Bid discord fly, contention cease ;
 “ Re-welcome amity and peace,
 “ And be Ourself in pow'r.

XVI.

“ Guide furious zeal in reason’s way ;
 “ Beam round th’ unerring patriot ray,
 “ By gods and men belov’d ;
 “ And, warming all with warmth like thine,
 “ While adverse tenets wond’ring join,
 “ Prove what thy Father prov’d.”

XVII.

The sov’reign spoke, in goodness wise —
 Thus He who governs earth and skies,
 When passions peace controul ;
 Indulgent to the human breast,
 Bids soothing reason reign confest,
 The Vice-roy in the soul.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Fir'd at the charge, as duty bids,

The royal delegate proceeds,

While Fame leads on before :

Her wings his filial haste beguile,

Her trump proclaims around the isle,

“ A Cavendish comes o'er.”

XIX.

The name itself has magic force ;

Diffension runs a dubious course,

And discord's half withdrawn :

So fade the horrors of the night,

Soon as Aurora's orient light

Reveals the morning dawn.

XX.

And now the conscious waves, that roll

From shore to shore, from pole to pole,

To waft a Brunswick's pow'r,

Resign their sacred charge to land ;

While expectation crouds the strand,

And hails th' auspicious hour.

XXI.

Now emulative Ios rise ;

Th' exulting cannons tell the skies,

That Hartington's arriv'd :

The trumpet pours its silver sound ;

The drums deep echoes doubling bound,

And gen'ral joy's reviv'd.

XXII.

XXII.

This pageantry, this pomp of state,

A Vice-roy less belov'd wou'd wait,

To patriotism blind:

Is no distinction then address? —

Yes; other music hails the best,

The music of the mind.

XXIII.

Now 'mid the senatorian band,

Intent to prop their native land,

As innate warmth ordains,

Th' illustrious guest assumes his seat;

George-like, bids ev'ry bosom beat,

And all majestic reigns.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The base whence Civil variance rose;

Why fathers of the State were foes,

The sov'reign peer explores;

Calls justice' lovely form to fight,

Dispels the clouds o'er patriot light,

And banish'd peace restores:

XXV.

He pours the salutary balm,

Speaks future good in wisdom's calm;

And points diffension's end;

While whisper runs the senate o'er,

" This youthful Nestor we adore:

" Gods! we'll no more contend!"

XXVI.

Pale Discord's poinard, rumour's voice,

Contention's sting, or party's noise,

None now can hear or feel:

Who calls it faction gives disgust;

Hibernia's sons are wise and just:

'Twas but excessive zeal.

XXVII.

Intemp'rate ardour wings its flight,

The skies emit more chearful light,

And happiness returns;

The sun of loyalty refin'd,

Serenely beams from mind to mind,

And friendships center burns.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Thus ere Sol blaz'd in primal day,

When matter in confusion lay,

As order to oppose,

Th' Almighty spake his great design,

The jarring atoms instant join,

And harmony arose.

XXIX.

Oh, Hartington ! transcendent friend !

Now the neglected Arts attend,

And follow conquest there ;

Around thy genial influence shed,

'Till Science lift her sacred head,

All amiable and fair.

XXX.

The god of nature in the mind,
 Inserts the seeds of arts refin'd,
 With all-paternal hand;
 But leaves to Hartingtons the pow'r,
 To call forth ev'ry budding flow'r,
 And dignify the land.

XXXI.

Too long, ev'n Albion, in thy isle,
 Has custom clouded merit's smile,
 And genius sunk to earth:
 Genius, whose sky-directed flame,
 Exalts the soul from whence it came,
 And gives to wonder birth!

XXXII.

XXXII.

Shall you, ye Britons! lords of all,
Whose mortal thunders shake the ball,

And mighty tyrants awe;

Shall you demean your gen'rous hearts,

And crown in foes those very arts,

Your own by nature's law?

XXXIII.

Soon shall the happy æra come,

When Britain shall be glory's home,

And native genius soar;

Behold th' ennobling train * arise!

They'll make it fashion to be wise,

And worth shall droop no more.

XXXIV.

* Alluding to a Society of noblemen, &c. held under the denomination of the Dilittanti; or, Lovers of Art, who have generously offer'd their assistance to a select number of Artists, toward establishing a royal Academy, for the encouragement of genius, and supporting Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Arts in general depending on Design.

XXXIV.

Ye patrons of your country, hail!
 Already Science feels the gale,
 And looks with bright'ning eye:
 That shall immortalize your fame;
 That shall with grandeur deck your name,
 When pomp and titles die.

XXXV.

Imperial Lord! let Ireland know,
 Thou feelst the all-creative glow,
 And like Mæcenâs shine;
 So shall the muses, round thy head,
 Their wreaths of deathless laurel spread,
 And crown thee all-divine!

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

To You, and such as you, 'tis giv'n,
Responsive to the call of heav'n,

Its blessings to diffuse:

Th' eternal lord of light and health
Entrusted you with pow'r and wealth,

Because you know their use.

XXXVII.

Come, commerce, now thy pow'rs expand;
Rich industry, stretch forth thy hand,

And plenty, pour thy horn!

Prolific warmth shall glad your toil,
And favour chear Ierne's isle,

Bright as the summer's morn.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Ye genii, delegates on high,
 Extend to her the watchful eye,
 Her future peace insure ;
 And may no more her sons divide,
 Nor stem diffension's boist'rous tide,
 To spread those ills they'd cure !

XXXIX.

And now, my Lord, permit the muse
 A truth to speak, some bards wou'd choose
 To varnish, or disown ;
 She thinks not thus to raise your name,
 But courts the sanction of your fame,
 As passport for her own,

XL.

As nature sooth'd, as fancy'd fir'd,
She caught the theme, to sing aspir'd,

And glory was her aim :

If you but smile, the prize is won —

All know the smile of Hartington,

And glory is the same,



N

A N

A N

Occasional PROLOGUE

S P O K E N

By Mrs. WOFFINGTON,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, to the Play
of the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, acted Dec. 5, 1755, for
the Benefit of the Middelfex-Hospital, for Sick and
Lame Patients, and Married Lying-in Women.

NAture's great order rises on extremes ;
Hence in each clime, where phœbus darts his beams,
Some rising impulse rules the native soul ;
The national criterion of the whole ;
Works as it reigns, impells life's varying scenes,
Refines in virtue, or in vice demeans ;
This strong incentive lays th' unerring plan,
Whence nations judge of nations, man of man ;

This

This gen'ral motive gen'ral fame insures,
 And, Britons, god-like charity in yours!
 Blest with the soul where pity's dew-drops lie,
 That feels the soft petition of the eye,
 'Tis yours to silence mis'ry's plaintive moan,
 And make the grief of others all your own!
 Nor is it strange Compassion stretch her hand,
 Where beauty charms, and freedom glads the land.

Sacred to Charity the pile to raise,
 To trace affliction through its various maze;
 Give balm to nature's accidental woes,
 And sooth th' impoverish'd matron's pregnant throes;
 This night, to execute these good designs,
 We crav'd your favour! — Lo, your bounty shines!
 Bounty, ordain'd with genial warmth to glow,
 And, like the sun, enliven all below.

Wealth, grandeur, pow'r, with all that crowns the Great,
 The smiles of monarchs, and the pomp of state,
 Heav'n lends to dignify the virtuous breast;
 To bid the fount of goodness flow confest;
 Shew tranfient actions in a light refin'd,
 And prompt Northumberland to blefs mankind.

When all our earthly pomp shall fade away,
 This globe diffolve, and nature's felf decay;
 While guilt shall at impending judgment start,
 And keenest anguish fieze the Hard-of-heart;
 Then white-rob'd Charity her friends fhall chear,
 And pay with int'reft all they lent her here.
 Happy, whose name by virtuous deeds was rais'd,
 Whom little foundlings lifp'd, or cripple prais'd!
 Such goodness firft fhall meet diftinct regard,
 And whom this earth ador'd, yon fkies reward.

Written

Written in VAUX-HALL GARDENS.

I.

CHASTE queen of night ! whose glitt'ring ray

Now filvers o'er the scene ;

Whose prefence bids the fairies play,

And trip the dappled green ;

Here in these shades, to joy confign'd,

Where pleasure opens all the mind,

While through the sprays thy glimm'ring glances dart,

Here will I meditate, and give the muse my heart.

II.

How pleas'd the sight the view to trace ! —

The smiles of Nature rise,

Sweet as the cradled infant's face,

When sleep has clos'd its eyes :

How mild her beauties are display'd !

With here the light, and there the shade ;

While ev'ry look around, and look above,

Awakes th' expanding soul to gratitude and love.

III.

III.

The air what fragrant odours fill,
 By zephyrs breath'd along !
 While nightingales with gurgling trill,
 Invite each other's song ;
 And can I see, and feel, and hear,
 And not th' all-forming pow'r revere ? ——
 Ah, soft pale conscience ! pure approach the shrine ! —
 Oh, youth and folly, why must ye so constant join ?

IV.

And now the sprightly violin,
 Each gloomy thought refines ;
 The organ peals, the flutes begin,
 And shriller hautboy joins :
 My passions vary with the strain,
 I melt, and glow, and melt again ;
 And now the drum and trump my calm controul,
 And all the native Briton blazes in my soul.

V.

V.

But hark ! what warblings strike my ear !

Where swells that tuneful throat ?

'Tis Vincent ! 'tis her voice I hear,

More sweet than wood-lark's note :

And hark ! poor Philomel, beguil'd,

Returns the music sweetly wild,

And gladly wou'd by emulation strive,

To keep the soul-enchanting harmony alive.

VI.

Now Stevenson essays her skill,

Soft melody to raise ;

Sweet as the pipe, that on the hill,

The artless shepherd plays :

And now the notes mellifluous flow,

Breath'd by the full-ton'd voice of Lowe ;

Tho' clear, sonorous ; tho' harmonious, strong ;

The 'raptur'd bosom owns the magic of his song.

VII.

III.

The air what fragrant odours fill,
 By zephyrs breath'd along !
 While nightingales with gurgling trill,
 Invite each other's song ;
 And can I see, and feel, and hear,
 And not th' all-forming pow'r revere ? ——
 Ah, soft pale conscience ! pure approach the shrine !—
 Oh, youth and folly, why must ye so constant join ?

IV.

And now the sprightly violin,
 Each gloomy thought refines ;
 The organ peals, the flutes begin,
 And shriller hautboy joins :
 My passions vary with the strain,
 I melt, and glow, and melt again ;
 And now the drum and trump my calm controul,
 And all the native Briton blazes in my soul.

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VII.

VII.

Secluded, from the croud apart,

While studious here I stray,

Contentment hovers o'er my heart,

And flutters care away :

Beneath her life-infusing wing,

The tranquil warm ideas spring ;

While nature and the muse my sense elate,

And lift me far above this sublunary state.

VIII.

But contemplation now must cease ;

Time calls to quit the scene ;

Adieu ye shades of joy and peace !

Adieu night's silver queen !

Now in the world again I range,

And thought's impos'd a poor exchange ;

While but this sage reflection's left behind : [mind.

That heav'n forms nought with pow'rs precarious as the

FORTUNE and the LOVER,

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG scornful Daphne Damon lov'd with truth;

She bright in charms, and he a comely youth;

Ah, cruel nymph! no soft concession? — no!

'Tis mighty strange! but women will do so.

Dame Fortune, pitying, led the love-sick swain,

In pensive mood, along the flow'ry plain;

Then whisper'd, Cast thine eyes to yonder shade. —

He did; and saw reclin'd the blooming maid;

Urg'd by the goddess, boldly he advanc'd,

While in his breast his heart with rapture danc'd;

Smil'd on the fair, sat down, and snatch'd a kiss,

Then sung, in prelude to expected bliss.

O

AIR

Too long has Daphne scorn'd a youth,
 Whose gentle flame, and spotless truth,
 Her bosom shou'd approve ;
 But now her eyes, that chear the day,
 In beams of soft compliance play,
 And love shall meet with love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Perhaps, the fair dissembler made reply,
 Perhaps my scorn was Damon's heart to try ;
 But, shou'd our joys yon prying shepherds see,
 How wou'd they talk of you, and laugh at me !
 For one day more suspend your ardent love ;
 At twelve to-morrow, in the myrtle grove
 Attend ; —— be patient, secret, and be blest ;
 Remember twelve ; —— let fancy paint the rest.

Brib'd

Brib'd by her words, on honour's strict parole,
 The swain dismiss'd the partner of his foul.
 All tedious pass'd the live-long night away;
 At length the lark proclaim'd the new-born day,
 When Damon 'rose; and sought th' appointed bow'r,
 Invoking Sol to haste the noon-tide hour:
 It came.—The clock struck one, two, three, four, five,
 No Daphne came; — yet Daphne was alive:
 Despair and rage the shepherd's mind divide;
 Oh, cruel Fortune! cheating nymph! he cry'd.
 Just had he spoke, when near, though unconfess'd,
 The injur'd goddess thus the fool address'd:

A I R.

Fortune thou no more shalt see,
 Hid in clouds, she speaks to thee!
 Idle loit'rer! silly swain!
 Why of me dost thou complain?

Late I led thee where thy art
 Might have won the fair-one's heart ;
 Cold, or kind, thou didst not win it ; —
 Fool, to miss the lucky minute.

II.

Didst thou credulous believe,
 Daphne meant not to deceive ?
 Did thy heart not pant for bliss,
 Animated by a kiss ?
 Vain thy future suit shall prove ;
 Woman should be press'd to love ;
 And she thinks the duce is in it, —
 If you miss the lucky minute.



On attending the LECTURES of
Mr. HENRY WATSON, Surgeon.

COME; Reflection, solemn pow'r,
From the grot, and from the bow'r;
From the philosophic cell,
Where devotion's wont to dwell,
And the pure up-lifted eye
Meditates its parent sky;
Here, where Science courts its ray,
From inanimated Clay,
O'er my soul thy influence shed;
Wake the Living, by the Dead.

What a scope for thought is here!
This is contemplation's sphere!

Lo,

Lo, the Subject, pale and cold !

Nature sickens to behold :

There her workings all are o'er ;

There the lamp of life's no more.

Life, what art thou ? — fickle breath :

Is there nothing certain ? — death.

Tho' with pride the bosom glow ;

Tho' it melt at other's woe ;

Tho' the passions all rebel ;

Tho' in virtue they excel ;

Tho' by learning's lore refin'd ;

Tho' in ignorance the mind ;

Tho' it pant for worldly toys ;

Tho' it hope sublimer joys ;

Still precarious is our state,

Open to impending fate ;

Nought

Nought can tyrant death affwage ;

Youth must fall as well as age.

Why, alas, then, all our cares,

All our wishes, all our fears,

When 'tis out of mortal pow'r

To insure the present hour ?

Hush, oh, muse, suspend the strain !

All is just the skies ordain :

Sinks my heart at what I see ?

'Tis but what myself must be !

Rise, ye thoughts, to nobler ends !

Melancholy, heav'n offends.

Waken'd now by Watson's voice,

Sense adopts a happier choice :

Tracing

Tracing o'er the wond'rous plan ;

All the great machine of Man.

Now I learn how parts combine ;

How unnumber'd fibres join ;

How distinct th' internal maze ;

How the mechanism plays ;

How the limbs their force improve ;

How we see, and hear, and move ;

How the pow'rs assistance call,

Each from each, and all from all :

How disease can health controul ;

How the body waits the soul.

Oh eternal ! all divine !

God ! this glorious work is thine !

Atheist, if their live the name,

Rise, inspect the human frame !

Here thou'lt own th' Almighty's pow'r,
Wonder first, and then adore.

Watson, oh, that thou had'st skill
To extirpate Mental ill!
To dissect the living breast,
And the soul's disease arrest;
Amputate the fraudulent part,
And to virtue cleanse the heart;
Then indeed the world might know
Truth from cunning, friend from foe:
But, tho' genius in thee lives,
Bright with all that study gives;
Tho' thy fame expand abroad,
'Till the gen'ral voice applaud,
Yet thy art must be confin'd; —
Thine's the body; — heav'n's the mind.

S O N G.

I.
YOUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid

The eyes of love could see;
And but one fault the charmer had;

'Twas cruelty to me.
No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd,

Was fonder, or was younger;
Yet when her pity I implor'd,

'Twas "Stay a little longer."

II.

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,

One may-morn in the grove;

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,

"Now, now's the time for love."

I clasp'd

I clasp'd the maid, it wak'd her pride,

“ What, did I mean to wrong her?”

Not so, my gentle dear! I cry'd,

But love will stay no longer.

III.

Then, kneeling at her feet I swore,

How much I lov'd, how well;

And that my heart, which beat for her,

With her should ever dwell.

Consent stood speaking in the eye,

Of all my care's prolonger;

Yet soft she utter'd, with a sigh,

Oh, stay a little longer.

IV.

The conflict in her soul I saw,

'Twixt virtue and desire;

Oh, come, I cry'd, let Hymen's law

Give sanction to love's fire.

Ye lovers, guess how great my joys ;

Could rapture well prove stronger!

When virtue spoke, in Daphne's voice,

You now shall stay no longer.



Address'd

Address'd to the laudable Association of

ANTI-GALLICANS,

At the Lebeck's Head in the Strand.

BY pride impuls'd, with wild ambition fraught,
Kingdoms in view, and triumph in her thought,
Behold how Gallia lifts her tow'ring crest!
Leads on to war, and bids the world attest:
While Britons, by neglect, her arms insure;
Too bold to dread; too brave to be secure:
Inactive wonder sees th' expected blow,
And glory's wreath presented to the foe.

Ye patriot spirits, now in realms of light!
Whom earth ador'd, once nationally bright,
Your backward sons with sense of wrongs inflame,
And while they blush, impel them to reclaim!

Let

Let honour's glow weak indolence controul,
 Impow'r the arm, and animate the soul.
 And You, in whom the mighty truth's confest,
 That Roman tenets warm the British breast;
 Who dare assert your Anti-Gallic fire,
 Join each with each, and burn with one desire;
 Oh, spread your pow'r, your attributes expand,
 And rise the founders of a patriot land!
 Methinks ev'n now I see the wish'd advance;
 Lo, others * call to tame imperious France!
 You, you were born to rouse the gen'ral flame!
 Thus heav'n said, Be there Light! and forth it came.
 How great, to wake such principles abroad,
 As Gods can smile on, and your king applaud!

* Alluding to the various Advertisements for fitting out cruizers against our Enemies.

[III]

Go, Foster! † go, ev'n on the faithless shore;
 Our glorious motto let thy thunders roar;
 Think on thy vow, assert thy country's claim,
 And home return, with honour, wealth, and fame:
 If skies befriend, who doubts the happy day? —
 Success is sure; for Justice § led the way.

† Captain of the Anti-Gallican private ship of war.

§ The President of the Association held at the Lebeck's Head, was the first Proposer of, and principal contributor toward fitting out the above-mentioned privateer.



On

On viewing the Curiosities, in the Repository
of the late Dr. M E A D.

I.

A solemn awe steals o'er my soul,
A thousand thoughts my breast controul,
And wonder opens on mine eyes;

I seem to traverse distant climes;

Review the face of ancient times,

And see their sleeping Genius rise.

II.

Here, snatch'd from old oblivion's hands,

From ruins, caverns, and from lands

Moulder'd by war's relentless rage,

The medal'd fact, the sculptur'd tale,

On the reflecting mind prevail,

And rescue each preceding age.

III.

III.

Hail rev'rend tomes! imperial store
 Of Grecian, and of Roman lore,
 Where genius flourish'd, merit shone;
 Had fate with-held her envious cloud,
 Hence had this muse, of Science proud,
 Proclaim'd a borrow'd ray her own.

IV.

Here Art restores the glorious line,
 And Poets, heroes, patriots shine,
 In death deplor'd, in life admir'd;
 The glowing canvas breathing bust,
 Record the ever-sacred dust,
 And fan that fame their actions fir'd.

Q

V.

II.

V.

Here bright the soul of Painting smiles,
 Deceiv'd, I view the hallow'd isles,
 The incense flame, the pillars rise.
 So strong creation's pow'r is shewn,
 Judgment is almost lur'd to own,
 That art in charms with nature vies.

VI.

Patron of worth! through years renown'd,
 With virtue, wisdom, learning crown'd,
 Born to keep Albion's fame alive;
 Happy! wou'd all the great commence,
 To catch thy spirit, taste, and sense!
 Then shou'd our fading laurels thrive.

VII.

VII.

The sporting Turf, the barb'rous Main ;

These, these enchant the noble train !

Science alas, but few protect !

Like insects, in a summer's day,

They flutter life, with wealth away,

While title only claims respect.

VIII.

To cherish ev'ry blooming Art,

By gen'rous deeds, to bless desert,

And give true genius force to shine :

This shou'd make British greatness known,

This is ambition nobly shewn,

And this, immortal Mead ! is thine.

The P H Y S I C I A N S,
A F A B L E.

To the Reverend Mr. BRERETON.

BRERETON! whose friendship is my pride,
Whom virtue's sacred dictates guide,
Born to improve the glorious plan;
And preach the truths of God to Man,
Oh, lend my muse your social ear,
The Science you profess to hear!
Which ev'ry mortal thinks he knows,
As far as self-love can impose;
And yet the wisest won't desert
The transient for th' eternal part.
Morality is now the theme,
But lest to some too grave she seem,

Permit,

Permit, as suits the poet best,
The Pow'r to smile in Fable drest.

Jove's great decree to banishment,
Apollo and Minerva sent;

Th' exciting reason's not convey'd;

His will was such, and 'twas obey'd:

Wean'd from the palace of the sky,

From pleasures erst enjoy'd on high!

From all that cheers th' imperial soul,

Ambrosia, and the nectar'd bowl;

Their joint concern was how to know,

To live like mortal folks below:

I, says the God, an Art profess,

Which sure on earth must gain success;

And

And I have mine, the Goddess cry'd ;
 Agreed, they instantly divide ;
 And fix'd, full fraught with expectations,
 In Greece their diff'rent situations,

A Doctor now, profound and wise,
 Behold the great Apollo rise !
 Endow'd with more than college skill,
 To banish ev'ry human ill ;
 Young smiles shou'd deck, the wither'd face,
 The languid nerves new vigour brace ;
 He'd bid disease at once retreat,
 The lungs to breathe, the heart to beat ;
 In short his nostrums wou'd ensure,
 Whate'er the cause, the body's cure.

Minerva

Minerva nobler talents try'd,
 And to the Soul her skill apply'd;
 The maladies of that to ease,
 And pour the balm of health and peace
 The world by wheedling arts are caught;
 On this the prudent Goddess thought;
 Extoll'd her pow'rs, proclaim'd her best;
 And like a mountebank address'd:
 Her bills, in characters of gold,
 The wonders she effected told;
 And that so sov'reign was her sway,
 She cur'd wheree'er she made essay:
 Bring me the heir, his parent's curse;
 A profligate; a devil; worse;
 Of this elixir, e're he go,
 One draught shall make him white as snow!

The

The virtues shall his steps attend,
 And, let him choose them, they'll defend,
 Discerning faculties shall shine
 In those who're of an idiot line;
 I bid the heart debauch'ry fly,
 And wild ambition's fever die:
 The brain, whose frantic fits encrease,
 Bold lying, slander, avarice,
 And all the vices e'er endur'd,
 An hundred times my skill has cur'd!
 Think not that I'd impose: — I'm just:
 Myself will these specifics trust;
 And not the least reward expect,
 Unless the med'cines work effect.

More

Apollo acted wiser; — fure,
 To claim the fee before the cure;
 And tho' for hope he made them pay,
 His patients crowded all the day:
 Now practice rising rais'd his price;
 Still greater numbers crav'd advice;
 They'd pledge their all, ere they'd decline;
 His remedies were so divine:
 By fees grown rich, in state he shone,
 But poor Minerva took not one;
 Compell'd to own, with pitying sigh,
 That tho' mankind are born to die;
 And tho' it have no future claim,
 This lump that boasts the body's name,
 Yet this is of our care the whole;
 Thoughtless of frailties in the Soul.

R

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits,
 All satyrise the Fair;
 In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime,
 Their foibles they declare;
 The kind are bold; the chaste are cold;
 These prudish; those too free;
 Ye curious men, come tell us then,
 What shou'd a woman be!

II.

But hard's the task, and vain to ask,
 Where optics are untrue;
 The muse shall here th' indicted clear,
 And prove the crimes on you:

The

The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,
 On whom his with was plac'd;
 The fool deny'd, affects the pride,
 And rails to be in taste.

III.

But not like these, the men of bliss,
 Their sure criterion fix;
 No; wisdom cries, my sons arise,
 And vindicate the sex!
 'Tis theirs to prove those sweets of love,
 Which others never share;
 And evidence, that none have sense,
 But who adore the fair.

IV.

Ye blooming race, with ev'ry grace,
 Celestially imprest!
 'Tis yours to quell the cares that dwell
 Within the human breast;
 At beauty's voice, our souls rejoice,
 And rapture wakes to birth;
 And Jove design'd th' enchanting kind,
 To form a heav'n on earth.

V.

Oh, ev'ry art to win the heart,
 Ye dear Inspirers try;
 Each native charm, with fashion arm,
 And let love's light'nings fly;
 And hence, ye grave, your counsel save,
 Which youth but sets at nought;
 For woman still will have her will;
 And so I think she ought.

On the intended ACADEMY for the Encouragement of GENIUS, and the Establishment of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, &c. with the Arts depending.

Doubtful too long, or sway'd by rev'rend zeal,
While the lur'd eye has hush'd the heart's appeal,
Have Britons, for inherent merit known,
Encourag'd alien worth, and damn'd their own.
In vain desert glows bright within its sphere ;
The ray of fair indulgence shines not here ;
A foreign taste degrades the British-born —
Oh, shame! — to honour realms whose faith ye scorn !
Shall this neglect, this dearth of Arts at home,
Shall incense rise to science but at Rome,
Shall genius perish in its infant state,
Shall this continue? — answer me, ye Great !

Spread

Spread by th' industrious hind, the gen'rous grain,
 Warm'd by the sun, and foster'd by the rain,
 Expands, with plenteous aspect, o'er the land,
 And tenfold increase swells the peasant's hand.
 Thus nature sows within the human heart,
 The seeds of Genius, and the love of Art ;
 But vain ! unless the sun of greatness shine ;
 Then, like herself, th' effect results divine.

Ye soul-bright few ! ye heav'nly-favour'd wise !

Ye Chesterfields ! ye Lytteltons, arise !

The æra's come when your approving voice,

Will make the sons of liberty rejoice ;

Eternal wreaths shall grace your deathless name,

And unborn ages thus transmit your fame :

“ These

" These were the Great who lov'd their native isle,

" Encourag'd Genius, and made Science smile !"

Oh, fan in other minds your patriot zeal !

Inspire senates with the warmth you feel !

Then shall the beams of that celestial flame,

Which brighten others in the rolls of fame,

Full on the fight, admit impartial day,

To chase the mists of prejudice away ;

And glory soon, with emulation fir'd,

Shall dignify th' admirers to th' admir'd ;

Britain shall shine in more refulgent charms,

And reign victoriously in Arts, as Arms.



To

To the Memory of
Mr. WILLIAM BAKER.

I.

OH, cease, my beating heart, to mourn!

Oh, stop mine eye, thy tear!

The grave admits of no return,

And grief is fruitless here!

II.

Thus speaks the philosophic mind;

Thus nature's self repels;

But mine expands for human-kind,

And what it feels it tells.

III.

Lamented shade! dear friend adieu!

Yet take this artless verse;

The muse you lov'd, that lov'd you too,

Thus sorrows o'er your herse.

IV.

IV.

No more, in focial converse join'd,
 Thou'lt ope' thy heart to me;
 No more fhall I improve my mind,
 By catching fenfe from thee.

V.

Truth ftampt its image on thy heart,
 Which merit might infure;
 Thy tender foul ftill felt the fmart
 Thy fkill effay'd to cure.

VI.

So fympathetic was thy breast,
 To ev'ry fad appeal,
 Thy voice alone was almoft blest
 To mitigate and heal.

VII.

Vain to thyself thy pow'r has prov'd ;
 Nor cou'd with fate contend ;
 The world has lost the man it lov'd,
 And I, alas, my friend !

VIII.

The poor, the maim'd, their loss bemoan ; *
 Protracted woe they see :
 Mis'ry forgets the pain its own,
 By feeling more for thee.

IX.

Oft' we behold the source of light
 Radiant the morn display ;
 Yet, when he gains meridian height,
 Black tempests cloud the day.

* Alluding to his humane treatment of the patients in the Westminster Infirmary,

X.

Thus, Baker, thus, thy life's fair sun,

Just reach'd its destin'd noon;

Fate gave the word, its race was run;

Was run, alas, so soon!

XI.

Thy soul's in regions bright and fair,

Where virtue's fure to go;

That worth now makes it honour'd there,

That made it lov'd below.



The SHEPHERD's Evening.

NOW, to pant on Thetis' breast,
 Phœbus blushes down the west;
 And, in laughter seems to say,
 Mortals, end like me the day!
 Join ye merry rural throng,
 Mirth, and music, dance and song.

Nature's free-born subject train,
 Blooming tenants of the plain,
 'Tis for us the goddess spreads
 Verdant meads, and flow'ry beds:
 While the varying seasons flow,
 Beauty bids our bosoms glow;

Ev'ry

Ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry youth,
Melt with fondness warm with truth;
Sunny vale, and shady grove,
Echo to the voice of love;
And the changeful year supplies
Pleasure to the heart and eyes.

Far from noise, from pomp and state,
Joys and troubles of the great,
Shelter'd by contentment's wings,
Here the bird of rapture sings;
While the god of soft delight
Glads the noon, and cheers the night:
Ever happy, ever gay,
Life is here one holiday.

To

To Mr. L A M B E R T,

I.

L A M B E R T! to thee my muse shall sing;

The verse demands thy Ear,

That ready starts from nature's spring,

Unvenal, and sincere.

II.

Tho' faint the glow that prompts my thought,

It brightens at thy fire;

And while thy works mine eyes have caught,

I warm as I admire.

III.

What wond'rous pow'r, what magic skill,

Compleats thy fancy's birth!

How just thy pencil calls, at will,

The face of nature forth!

IV.

IV.

Yon hills in sweet assemblage rise ;

These flow'ry vales descend ;

Far, farther still, the circling skies,

And varied lawns extend !

V.

Behold the nymph, at early day,

Attend th' expecting cow !

Those lambkins more than seem to play ;

I hear that heifer low !

VI.

Raptur'd my eyes the cott command,

O'er yon enamel'd ground ;

There health soft presses beauty's hand,

And plenty smiles around.

VII.

Befide yon wood, where sculk the deer,
 Rocks seem o'er rocks to grow;
 The rills, in fancy, charm mine ear;
 The riv'lets dimpling flow :

VIII.

And there the groves their shades unite,
 The panting flocks to screen;
 And here the full meridian light
 Diversifies the scene.

IX.

Each landskip softens envy's frown,
 And gives to time thy fame;
 While public praise shall merit crown,
 Will live thy honour'd name.

X.

Ye artists, hail! rever'd of old!

Hail to the palms ye've won!

Britain, with conscious pride, 'thall hold

Her Lambert to the sun.

E P I G R A M.

QUOTH Guz to his spouse, with his skin full of beer,
I fell, and have hurt my face sadly, my dear;
Hurt your face? cry'd his wife, ugly rogue, I think not,
The least alteration, must Mend it, you sot!



T

Written

Written Extempore

On a young Lady in Mourning.

IN fable can your charms, sweet fair,

With wonted lustre shine?

Yes; angel like, whate'er you wear,

You still appear divine:

Thus vapours round the sun unite,

And clouds in black array;

But through he darts o'erpow'ring light,

And gives unrival'd day.



A N

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. GREEN, on her Benefit Night, at the
Theatre in BATH, 1755.

(Enter as meeting with obstruction)

PSHAW, let me go,—not speak on this occasion!
How dare you curb a woman's inclination?

Tho' men controul, must we be mute and still?

No.—Talk we can,—and while we can we will:

These prudent folks wou'd stop my Epilogue,

For serious verse (they tell me's) not in vogue:

Custom, 'tis true, decrees these after rhimes

To please the gallants of these wicked times;

T 2

Bu

But must we foother the rovers in their way? —

Good lack! we know what's what as well as they.

Wit, like true satire's, always best bestow'd,

Where naughty folks make naughty things the mode;

Where my Lord proves the nuptial tie a bubble,

And Mistress Betty——saves my Lady——trouble;

Where married men continue rakish lives,

And love to kiss all women,——but their wives:

Oh, monstrous renegades! ——'tis cruel faith! ——

Thank heav'n, such things are never done at Bath!

Then here let mirth to milder sense submit,

And gratitude supply the place of wit;

Thanks to each gen'rous friend, whose presence here,

Bids merit rise and genius persevere;

Thanks

Thanks to the fair, in matchless beauty bright,
 Who deign'd to grace our comic scenes to night;
 Your gen'ral kindness bids this heart rejoice,
 And crowns my daily care, and nightly choice:
 The gen'rous bosom gives desert it due;
 And only that can hope reward from You.



A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

YOUNG Damon left his gentle Chloe's fide,
 Nay worfe, had made another nymph his bride :
 Poor Chloe, now cou'd tafte no joy in life :
 What eighteen years of age, and not a wife !
 She fought the brook, fo deep, within the bow'r,
 Refolv'd to die, aye, die that very hour :
 What mighty ills are caus'd by wicked man ! ——
 Yet ere ſhe met the wave, ſhe thus began :

A I R.

Why did'ſt thou vow eternal truth,
 Yet bear ſo falſe a mind ?
 How cou'dſt thou flight, ungrateful youth !
 A ſhepherdeſs ſo kind ?

My

My shade thy haunted thoughts shall see
 By day, by night thy dream ;
 For, Damon, now I die by thee,
 I plunge into the stream.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But think not Chloe did so ; — desp'rate lass !
 She often said what never came to pass :
 It chanc'd a youth, as slighted by his fair
 As Chloe by her swain, had wander'd there ;
 The same sad purpose urg'd his footsteps too ;
 Alas, what cruel things the women do !

A I R.

I.

Unseen he heard the turtle moan,
 Soft pity made his heart her own ;
 To snatch the nymph from fate he ran ;
 'Twas wond'rous, in a dying man.

II.

II.

His own sad tale, to sooth her mind,
He told, and rail'd at woman kind ;
She rail'd at man, who broke his vow ;
Oh, Cupid, what a rogue art thou !

R E C I T A T I V E.

Yet sure, he cry'd, one nymph may still be true ;
But not a youth, she sigh'd, — unless 'tis you :
Soon kindred smart in mutual passion ended,
And drowning seem'd on neither side intended.

A I R.

Then hand in hand, new joys to prove,
Well pleas'd, they tript away ;
Resolv'd to live awhile on love,
And die another day.

On

On Sight of a young Lady's Picture, executed
by a female Artist, from Abroad.

TH O' painters much have been deery'd,

For flatt'ring whom they draw,

Yet you, it must not be deny'd,

Paint void of such a flaw.

Are these the looks, so sweetly bright,

That emulate the day?

Is this the face, that charms the sight,

And steals the heart away?

Others had touch'd those eyes with fire,

Had taught that breast to heave;

Those smiling lips to wake desire,

And bade the potrait live.

Hence vanity, with scornful air,

Thinks Venus' praise a debt;

The silent canvass prompts the fair

To turn a pert coquette,

U.

Methinks

Methinks I ne'er look'd for divine!

These graces all surpass!

How just my charms in painting shine

Away, thou lying glass!

Thus oft' exults some pictur'd maid,

To pride estrang'd before;

But your surprising light and shade,

Make none themselves adore:

In pity to each am'rous swain,

You sink what others raise;

The ugliest face can ne'er be vain

Of what your art displays.

Tho' prudence gilds my Celia's mind,

Where gentlest virtues spring,

Yet to have drawn her so refin'd,

Had been a dang'rous thing:

Perhaps she'd been o'erjoy'd to see,

What charms herself adorn;

Perhaps her soft esteem for me

Had been revers'd to scorn,

'Twere

'Twere hazardous to risque the view; —

Such pow'r you thought shou'd strike less;
And of the witch of Endor drew
A most amazing likeness.

On Sight of the BOAT, built by JOHN RICH,
Esq; in the Form of a Swan, now swim-
ming in the Canal in the Royal Gardens
at Kew.

WHEN Jove the love of Leda su'd
A swan's sweet form he gain'd;

In that the nymph her fancy view'd,
And Jove his wish obtain'd.

Thus You, whom magic genius fires,
Like him a swan create;

Augusta while she fees admires; —

Was Jove's success so great?



The 148th PSALM Paraphras'd.

I.

TO Him who dwells in purest light,
Above the empyrean height,

Awake the voice of praise :

Ye sacred ministers of god,
Ye angels who confess his nod,
Your adoration raise !

II.

Praise him, thou sun, whose vivid ray
Succesfive, beaming new-born day,

The horrent gloom relieves !

Praise him, thou silver queen of night !

Praise him, ye twinkling stars ! whose light

His sphere of glory gives.

III.

Praise him, ye argent fields of air,

Ye heav'ns of bright perfection, where

He sheds the dews of love ;

Ye waters, far his praise convey,
Oh, bear it as ye stream away,
Or gush from founts above!

IV.

His eye the night-ful void survey'd;
He spake the word, and ye were made;
He saw, and he approv'd:
His law that prompts, protects your reign,
His law that shall unbroke remain,
'Till All shall be remov'd.

V.

Ye savage race, who roam for prey,
To him your awful homage pay,
In forests, wilds, or steeps;
Ye dragons fierce, revere your god,
Bow couchant in your rude abode,
And praise him, all ye deeps.

VI.

Fire, hail, and snow, whose pow'rs fulfill
The missions of his mighty will,

Expanding

Expanding at his word,
 Ye vapours, that condensing rise,
 Ye winds and storms, that rend the skies,
 Praise your creating lord.

VII.

Praise him ye mounts of loftier shoot,
 Ye lowly hills, ye trees of fruit,
 And cedars stately high;
 Praise him ye herds, and insects small;
 Ye humbler feather'd kind, and all
 Ye warblers of the sky.

VIII.

Ye monarchs, delegates of heav'n,
 Praise him by whom your pow'r was giv'n,
 Who props the regal throne;
 Ye subjects breathe his praises forth;
 Ye princes, judges, o'er the earth,
 Oh, make his wonders known!

IX.

IX.

Ye youths, while brisk the vital tide,

Ye virgins, gay in blooming pride,

His glorious deeds proclaim;

Let age exert the pious lay,

And sooth the suckling's soft essay,

To list it maker's name.

X.

Above the earth, or vaulted sky,

Beyond the firmament most high,

Let foul-breath'd incense rise;

He shall his grateful tribe regard,

He shall with endless bliss reward,

The just, the good, the wise.

XI.

For this shall his saints prolong

Th' enrapt'ring heav'n-ascending song,

'Till time shall be no more:

For

IX.

For this shall Israel's sons combine;

For this all worlds in chorus join;

All tremble, and adore.

On reading Dr. HILL's Thoughts concerning
God and Nature, in Answer to the Philo-
sophy of Lord BOLINGBROKE.

ST. John, thy system must decay,

Before religion's light;

Truth breaks, resistless as the day,

And falshood fades like night.

Let infidelity no more

The damning page applaud:

See, Hill the wrested facts restore,

And vindicate the God!

Divine Ecclesia, from her throne,

Looks smiling with esteem;

Wishing her mitred sons had done,

Like Warburton and Him.

The Animal COMEDIANS,
A F A B L E.
To DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

HENCE Coke on Lyttleton, — away!
Wood's Institutes, the word obey!
Ye tomes of statutes all at large,
I give ye now a free discharge!
Thou Glossary, by Jacob wrote,
For students to inspect, and quote!
Ye pleas and cases of the crown,
Where my remarks are noted down,
Ejectments, precepts, and reports,
And all the business of the courts,
Adieu! — I mount to nobler fame,
And all my raptur'd soul's on flame!
Hence let me charm the wond'ring age,
And shine the glory of the stage!

Thus spoke young scribe, the lawyer's clerk,
A spouting, wild, conceited spark;

Mistook for genius vain desire,
And left the temple, to aspire.

Found in the scale of worth too light,
The royal stage rejects the wight:
Fir'd at the baulk, and proud of spirit,
He'd shame their skill, and prove his merit.——
What! “Not a genius?” Fools to doubt it!——
“About it, goddess, and about it.”

Then with a strolling tribe he join'd,
Like him, for business too refin'd:
In monarchs, lovers, fops, he'd strike:——
He play'd 'em all,——and all alike.

Hapless in figure, voice, and ear,
His punishment's to persevere;
He sees his error now enthrall'd,
And wishes time cou'd be recall'd;
In secret mourns his folly's spring,
And roams a vagrant,——and a king.

If acting once possess the brain,
The frenzy darts from vein to vein:

How

How fatal to the patient's ease,

This epidemical disease!

By day, by night, he groans and sighs,

And tragic ghosts in fancy rise;

Not human pow'r can stop the ill,

A parent's pray'r, or Armstrong's skill.

Oh, son of genius! Friend of art!

Garrick, thou monarch of the heart!

Is it not strange the froward mind

Shou'd spurn the province heav'n assign'd?

And on the very station hit,

For which its pow'rs are most unfit?

Because you grace the roscian sphere,

As great in Chalkstone as in Lear;

Inspire with joy the heart's recess,

Or melt the soul to soft distress;

And fill the scene with so much ease,

As if 'twere natural to please;

Shall ev'ry blockhead think his mind,

Like yours, the mirrour of mankind?

Neglect his trade ; profession scorn,
And cry, “ For acting I was born !”

For such this tale I introduce :

Their brother Pug may may be of use.

Once on a time, as stories say,

The beasts agreed to act a play :

The stage was turf ; on either hand,

Their leafy arms the trees expand ;

At top the verdant branches close,

And thus their Theatre arose.

Between the acts, with various notes,

The wing'd musicians swell'd their throats ;

Sweet nightingales their warblings join,

And ne'er was concert so divine.

The parts were cast, as genius shin'd

To suit the turn of ev'ry mind ;

In that such judgment was express'd,

Each actor lik'd his own the best.

In native majesty array'd,

A king the noble lyon play'd ;

And

And voice and action, truly great,
 Up-held his dignity and state.
 The bull enjoy'd a lover's part,
 While real passion warm'd his heart;
 And urg'd his suit of fond desire,
 With lively mien, and eyes on fire:
 An active dog, sincere and sure,
 Was confidant to his amour.
 A milk-white heifer, young and gay,
 Perform'd the princeſs of the play;
 And plum'd and rais'd her haughty creſt,
 Whene'er the am'rous bull addreſt.
 The tyger was a traytor bold,
 Who fought the regal wand to hold;
 And brib'd confed'rates in the league:—
 A fox conducted the intrigue.

A company ſo excellent
 No modern theatres preſent.
 Applauding claps the audience raiſe,
 And candour wakes the voice of praiſe.

But

But merit vainly hopes to find
 Reflected warmth in ev'ry mind;
 For, tho' they quite mistake the matter,
 Yet fools will prate, and monkeys chatter.

"Truly a mighty pretty play!

"Yes, those who can commend it, may;

"It serves the ignorant well enough,

"But keep me from such wretched stuff!"

With critic sneer, thus spoke an ape,

As wise as some in human shape;

He'd lay his life, with greater art,

To play not one, but ev'ry part;

Then on the stage he made a spring,

And proudly first assum'd the king:

With brow contracted, lifted paw,

He thought to strike majestic awe;

His jabb'ring, quick discordant voice,

A strange monotony of noise,

Affected airs, and mimick'd face,

And dignity were all grimace.

The lover then, absurd pretence!
 Indelicate, as void of sense,
 He try'd; but with such awkward grace,
 Disdain arose in ev'ry face.
 As zeal to him was quite unknown,
 The confidant was poorly shewn;
 And next the princess rais'd the joke;
 How fair his form! how sweet he spoke!
 As native meanness rul'd his breast,
 Th' ambitious part was like the rest;
 And just as wide his pow'rs dissent,
 Th' intriguer's skill to represent.

With talents risible and gay,
 Buffoon or fop, 'twas his to play;
 Obvious, in ev'ry other shape
 Was seen the vain, presumptuous ape:
 The hissing guests his ears confound,
 And loud derision echoes round.

Thus on life's human stage, we find
 A part ordain'd for ev'ry mind;

As nature prompts to act and mean,
 While all the world applauds the scene.
 But if we deem it partial sway,
 And pant another's cast to play,
 Our pride then scorns what reason pleads,
 Contempt begins, and shame succeeds.

S O N G.

I.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
 May morning put its beauties on;
 The warblers sung in liv'lier strain,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain.
 When love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd, To the nymph, away!
 For this is nature's holiday.

II.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste;
 The painted mead he instant pass'd;

And

And soon the happy cott he gain'd,
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd:
 Awake, my fair! the shepherd cries,
 To new-born pleasure ope' thine eyes;
 Arise, my Sylvia! hail the may,
 For this is nature's holiday.

III.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright,
 As Phœbus in meridian light;
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
 Then gazing, with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh;
 A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday.

IV.

Ah, soft, she said, for pity's sake,
 What kiss one ere I'm well awake?
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising year?

Sweet innocence! forbear to chide;
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday.

V.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek;
 She look'd the things she dar'd not speak;
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid;
 Then bless'd the happy morn of may,
 And now their life's all holiday.

TO CONTENTMENT.

FOUNT of comfort! heav'nly bright!
 Offspring of the realms of light!
 Void of thee what's pomp or pow'r?
 Phantoms of the faithless hour.

Lo, yon humble swains advance,
 Beat the ground in jocund dance!
 Hark, the merry milkmaids sing!
 All beneath thy gladsome wing.

From what source art thou our claim?

Grandeur, glory, wealth, or fame?

Can the hero's conqu'ring sword,

Can the treasures misers hoard,

Can the jovial, or the fair,

Kill, or chace intruding care?

No: — Then, in life's giddy round,

Where shall happiness be found?

Wide beams forth th' eternal ray;

All who wou'd be happy, may;

In the cott, or moss-grown cell,

Thou with poverty canst dwell;

And, howe'er we change the name,

Virtue and content's the same.



For OUR COUNTRY.

An O D E,

Adapted to Mr. Arne's Music, of Rule Britannia.

I.

AS Liberty, from out the sky,

Held o'er our isle her scepter'd hand,

Griev'd was the goddess, breath'd a sigh,

And thus bespoke the sinking land:

Shame! inglorious race grow wise,

And Antigallicans arise.

II.

In ancient time, your fires nenown'd,

With honest heart, and furly face,

Fought well their battles, gain'd their ground,

And scorn'd the punic Gallic race:

Shame! inglorious sons grow wise,

And Antigallicans arise.

III.

III.

No fopp'ries then were ap'd from France;

Their language was as plain as dress:

Think on their honours, oh, advance!

And heav'n shall your endeavours bless:

Hence victorious reign, and wife,

And Antigallicans arise.

IV.

Ye sacred few! who boast the name,

Whose bosoms burn with patriot fire,

Hail friends of freedom! dear to fame,

And grac'd with all that gods admire!

You're transcendent, great, and wife,

Who Antigallicans arise.

V.

'Tis your's to bid fair Science smile,

To welcome commerce to our shore;

Teach Arts to flourish round the isle,

And Britain to itself restore:

You're

You're transcendent, great, and wise,
Who Antigallicans arise.

VI.

Again shou'd curst rebellion glow,
Or bold invasion spread its wing,
Then arm'd, revengeful, on the foe,
To save their country and their king;
All couragious, gen'rous, wise!
The Antigallicans shall rise.

VII.

And when this globe shall melt away,
The temples sink, the columns fall,
Then shall, distinguish'd as the day,
The beams of glory crown them all;
And imperial in the skies,
The Antigallicans shall rise.



S O N G.

I.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,

From fair to fair I rov'd;

To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,

Tho' all alike I lov'd:

Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,

My truth appear'd a jest;

But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last,

That constancy is best.

II.

Like other fools, at female wiles

'Twas my delight to rail;

Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,

Were false, I thought, and frail;

But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r

I see their worth confest;

That man can not enough adore;

That constancy is best.

III.

The roving heart at beauty's fight,

May glow with fierce desire;

Yet, tho' possession yield delight,

It damps the lawless fire;

But love's celestial faithful flames,

Still catch from breast to breast;

While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims,

That constancy is best.

IV.

No solid bliss from change results;

No real raptures flow;

But fixt to one the soul exults,

And tastes of heav'n below.

With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,

Is truth's fair form impress;

And reason dictates to mankind,

That constancy is best.

EPIGRAM.

POOR Jasper with fits, from his cradle was vex'd,
 And Kate, whom he lov'd, this disorder perplex'd;
 In wedlock they happen'd each other to catch;
 And who can deny, but that 'twas a fit match?

T O T H E

Author of the **EARL of ESSEX.**

TO rouse the indolent! to wake the brave!
 To rescue glory from the dreary grave!
 To shew the strange vicissitudes of fate;
 To trace the actions of the good and great:
 And stamp bright virtue's image on the heart
 For this! the gods ordain'd the tragic art!

For these great ends, by blooming fancy fir'd,
 By science prompted, and by heav'n inspir'd,
 To art and nature's topmost height to soar,
 Arose the bards, in ages now no more,
 And found reward their excellence up-hold;
 Protected by the Boyles, and Chesterfields of old.
 But now, when sense and learning few respect,
 And what their fire's ador'd, their sons neglect;
 When party int'rests govern works of wit,
 And courts and theatres alike submit;
 How vent'rous he who'd please th' uncertain age,
 His task, the drama; and his hope, the stage;
 Who dares the hatred merit's sure to gain,
 The din of fools, and envy of the vain.
 This thou hast done; — the palm admits thy claim;
 On Essex's establish'd stands thy fame:
 Still has the town the judgment, Jones, to see
 The heroe lost by Banks, retriev'd by thee. (Rome
 With knowledge fraught, imbib'd from Greece and
 Profoundly vers'd in each recorded tome:

In ev'ry ancient, ev'ry modern read,
 With loads of lumber treasur'd in his head;
 The pedant launches in pursuit of fame,
 And thinks the Scholiast and the Bard the same;
 But soon his flatt'ring self-delusion flies;
 His audience censure, and the wits despise.
 How oft' we find in some o'er-labour'd tale,
 The scholar please us, but the poet fail!

True genius only founds an author's name,
 And prompts him to the pinnacle of fame;
 Th' enliv'ning ardor, the creative glow,
 Learning impow'rs, but nature must bestow:
 This fires the soul, th' ideas to refine,
 And 'wakes the man to something more divine;
 This still irradiates, tho' the mind untaught,
 Improves the sense, and paints th' embosom'd thought.
 Thus while resplendent Phœbus darts his beams
 O'er verdant meadows, groves, and limpid streams,
 The rural prospect tempts th' admiring eyes,
 And, void of art, a thousand beauties rise.

Stanhope! thou patron of th' instructive train!
 Through whose indulgence Essex lives again,
 How dost thou vary from the pompous crowd!
 Tho' wise, yet modest; and tho' great, not proud;
 Thee, heav'n created virtuously bright,
 With sense well polish'd, and with wit polite;
 Taught thee for Britain to direct thy aim,
 And with the poet's, fan the patriot's flame.
 Tho' av'rice oft' o'er wealth asserts its force,
 Subjects its pow'r, and bars its destin'd course;
 Yet did desert to thee its fate deplore,
 Touch'd was thy heart, and merit droop'd no more.
 What's title! what the pageantry of state!
 They borrow lustre from the truly Great.
 In others, tho' the glare attract our eyes,
 Yet meanness lurks beneath the bright disguise;
 Thy god-like deeds confirm the patriot's voice,
 And at thy name Britannia's sons rejoice.
 But cease, fond muse, 'tis thine the bard to sing,
 A Chesterfield aspires above thy lowly wing.

Consolatory Verses to JAMES STEERE, Esq;
Architect, on the death of his Lady.

I.

HENCE! ev'ry gay idea! hence!

Come melancholy, sober sense,

The solemn dirge inspire;

Sooth me to mourn o'er friendship's bier,

To drop the tributary tear,

And touch the plaintive lyre.

II.

Friend to my muse! oh, let me join

The trickling dews of grief with thine,

And thy dear loss deplore!

Mine shall reflect your tearful eyes;

I'll echo back your throbbing sighs;

Then strike my heart for more.

III.

Ah, where are now those looks so sweet,

That made your breast contentment's seat,

And

And cou'd all joy improve?
 Ah, where that music to your ear,
 The voice, which wisdom smil'd to hear,
 That cherish'd life and love?

IV.

Clos'd are those eyes, in endless night,
 No more to beam with fond delight,
 Or with affection roll;
 Eternal silence seals that tongue,
 Where sense and soft persuasion hung,
 To captivate the soul.

V.

Oh, she was all that thought can paint!
 The mortal rising to the saint,
 In ev'ry deed of life!
 At once the fatal arrows end,
 Th' indulgent parent, kindest friend,
 And most endearing wife.

VI.

VI.

Fair as the break of op'ning day;

Calm as the summer's ev'ning ray;

Truth, virtue, was her guide;

When sister spirits call'd her hence,

Obedience bow'd, at life's expence,

She sigh'd, she sunk, she dy'd.

VII.

Immortal saint! supremely bright,

Look down through skies of purest light,

And bid affliction cease!

Oh, smooth thy husband's lonely bed,

In visions hover round his head,

And hush his mind to peace.

VIII.

When heav'n directs the missive blow,

The heart may wish, the eye may flow,

But can't the dead restore;

Yet comfort dawns from realms divine:

There souls their kindred souls shall join,

And meet to part no more.

To L O V E.

O H, Love! thou universal pow'r!
 Sweet charmer of life's varied hour!
 Hail, hail, to thee and all thy train,
 Hope, rapture, peace, and pleasing pain!
 The vital spirit glow'd on high,
 Ere sol proclaim'd sea, land, or sky;
 And soon as Jove spake,—Let there Be!
 Creation started full of thee!
 In ev'ry orb thy influence shines,
 And æther, ocean, earth, refines;
 Informs the seasons, as they roll,
 And centers in the human soul:
 Their reigns, with soft despotic art,
 To calm the passions, melt the heart;
 And soothing nature to its call,
 By blessing each, makes happy all.



Invitation to the CHACE.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HARK! the horn calls, — away!

Come the grave; come the gay;

'Wake to music that 'wakens the skies;

Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

S O N G.

From the east breaks the morn;

See the sun-beams adorn

The wild heath, and the mountain so high!

Shrilly ope's the staunch hound,

The steed neighs to the sound,

And the floods, and the valleys reply.

II.

Our fore-fathers, so good,

Prov'd their greatness of blood

By encount'ring the pard and the boar;

Ruddy health bloom'd the face;

Age and youth urg'd the chace,

And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

A a

Hence

III.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

IV.

With the chace full in fight,
Gods, how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds, in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

V.

Now to horse, my brave boys!
Lo, each pants for the joys,
That anon shall enliven the whole!
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace ever the bowl.

[179]

The S T A T U E S,
A F A B L E.

To Mr JAMES PAINE, Architect.

W H E T H E R, oh, Paine ! thy thought pursue,
Some plan, more great than Jones e'er drew ;
Or near, to order and advise,
You see the gradual fabric rise ;
Yet let the muse attention claim,
And live immortal in your fame.
'Tis yours to bid the pile ascend,
The pillar rise, the arch to bend ;
And rival all, supremely grac'd
With genius, judgment, fancy, taste :
But shou'd some critic's erring eyes
Presume your work to scrutinize ;
And, where your art is most divine,
Condemn some elegant design ;
To him th' ensuing tale present,
And blushing censure shall dissent ;

The moral truth his sight shall clear,
 And all you meant at once appear;
 False prejudice shall then decay;
 Your merit blaze in open day.

A fam'd republic, fond of art,
 And gen'rous to reward desert,
 Decreed, that on a stately dome,
 Whose architecture equal'd Rome,
 Minerva's statue should aspire,
 That who ador'd her might admire.
 Two Phidias's, alike renown'd,
 Whom merit's living laurels crown'd,
 Resolv'd to make their genius known,
 And court the goddess from the stone:
 But only one the prize cou'd claim,
 In art superior, as in fame.
 Glory and rich reward inspire,
 And emulation fans the fire;
 Impow'rs the nerves, instructs the mind,
 And renders fancy more refin'd,

Now

Now to the Temple, amply wrought,
 Th' opposing images are brought;
 Each rival master hopes the prize,
 And crowds attend, — to criticise.
 Hark ! — admiration wakes at sight !
 In This what charms of art unite !
 The pleasing form, the graceful air,
 The drap'ry here, the foliage there,
 So sweet, so soft, the view attract,
 That sculpture ne'er was so compact :
 But t'other, rude, as misconceiv'd,
 And rough as from the quarry cleav'd,
 Indented here, and there rais'd high,
 With out-lines harsh, that shock the eye,
 Appear'd so artlessly express'd,
 The master stood the public jest.

Impart the prize, the umpire cry'd;
 The luckless artist thus reply'd.

When ignorance a judge is made,
 Desert must fail, and genius fade.

Was this design'd the porch to grace?

No;—view it in its destin'd place;

Aloft let either image rise;

And, then approve, and then despise.

'Twas done:—but what an instant change!

'Twas wonderful! “'Twas passing strange.”

The statue thought so ill-design'd

By distance soften'd and refin'd;

The harshness mellow'd into grace,

And loud applause took censure's place:

While That at first so much admir'd,

Lost by the height what This acquir'd;

The polish'd folds, that pleas'd when near,

And softer touches disappear;

The form, the air, no art display;

The matchless beauty fades away;

And, thus exalted, look'd so small,

As Pallas were but pigmy tall.

Like life th' excelling statue stands,

The glory of the master's hands:

And

And now the judges, just and wise,
Extol his merit to the skies;
The prize impart, his fame prolong,
And blush themselves were once so wrong.

The works of genius all require,
That critics feel th' inventor's fire;
And judge but in the light design'd;
The light that led the artist's mind.
One object charms by warmth and shade,
When near, and nearer still, survey'd;
Another claims a farther view,
Ere wisdom give the plaudit due.
The eye perhaps may faults detect,
But distance reconciles effect.

And who decides without this rule,
Is not a critic, but a fool.



A Parting DIALOGUE between a Sea Officer and his Lady.

H E.

FROM thy arms, my dearest dear!

From thy bosom, so sincere

I must fly, at freedom's call,

Briton-like, to fight the Gaul!

Tho' 'tis worse than death to part,

I must tear thee from my heart;

And, from this delightful shore,

Haste, where waves and cannons roar.

S H E.

When, all fondness to your breast,

First my panting heart you prest,

Thus you vow'd, My beauteous bride!

Only fate shall us divide!

Is the flame so soon estrang'd?

How, alas! is Lucy chang'd?

Poor these charms, that made thee mine,
If they can't thy love confine!

H E.

Thou art heav'n itself to me;
All my soul delights in thee;
But, like Roman consorts, know
What we to our country owe.
Britain cries, Protect my rights!
Glory prompts; revenge invites;
Then, my life, thy plaint forbear;
Cowards merit not the fair.

S H E.

Sure my loyalty I prove,
Thus to part with all I love;
Flatt'ring hope wou'd sooth my pain; —
Shall I clasp thee thus again?

H E.

Doubt it not, and comfort take;
Gods will shield me, for thy sake;

B b

Angels

[186]

Angels! guard the peace and life,
Of my dear, my patriot wife!

D U E T T.

God of war, propitious smile,
Bless our arms, and injur'd isle;
England still, impow'r'd by thee,
Shall be glorious, great, and free.

To CELIA in the Country.

I.

THOU wond'rous proof of nature's pow'r!

On whom my thoughts will roll,

Whose image rises, ev'ry hour

Still lovelier to my soul,

Say, why the rural life you prize?

What joy can Celia taste,

Where Sol but just inlights the skies,

To shew the wint'ry waste.

II.

II.

All sad appear the gloomy groves ;

All dull the leafless trees ;

No warblers tell their mutual loves,

Nor zephyrs waft the breeze :

No flow'rets shed ambrosial sweets,

No rill delights thine ear ;

No limpid brook thine eye intreats,

To view thy beauties there.

III.

Where late the verdant carpet spread,

Wide o'er the lawn was seen,

Through which the flow'rs uprear'd their head,

And dappling deck'd the green,

Now crisped snow, and glitt'ring frost,

Invest the cheerless ground,

And ev'ry charm of nature's lost

In ev'ry mead around.

IV.

A lecture to the proud and gay,

A needful one to you,

Each moral prospect seems to say,

Life has its winter too.

Ye flutt'ers, vain in beauty's sun,

Reflect on what you see;

When youth's short faithless summer's gone,

How hapless shall ye be!

V.

Now o'er the lawns the hunters fly,

To trace the tim'rous hare,

While echo mocks the op'ning cry,

And fills the vocal air.

Through woods, through glades, the fowlers stray,

Where lonely birds retreat;

To them their little lives they pay,

And quiver at their feet.

VI.

VI.

Say, can You join the rustic train,
 Whom horns and hounds delight?
 Or view 'em scour the distant plain,
 Enraptur'd at the sight?
 No: tho' if busy fame say true,
 The sport some females share;
 But heav'n, my Celia, fashion'd you
 A pattern for the fair.

VII.

Now rise you with the lark, to hear
 His song salute the dawn?
 To view the swains, with flocks appear,
 And nymphs trip o'er the lawn?
 Or tempts the morn your feet to stray,
 As you were wont to do;
 While ev'ry landskip look'd more gay,
 As look'd upon by you?

VIII.

VIII.

No: now perhaps pale Phœbus steers
 Half his meridian way,
 Ere from thine eyes a glance appears,
 To clear the dubious day:
 No bow'r you seek, no noon-tide shade,
 The prospect chills your sight;
 Still by the fire you talk or read,
 And wish th' oblivious night.

IX.

Perhaps dull converse makes essay
 To chace the live-long eve;
 Or at some harmless game you play,
 The moments to deceive:
 Yet secret, oft' your watch you view;
 Doubt Fladgate's punctual skill;
 And think his hours as tedious too,
 As prattle, or quadrille.

X.

Deep in the wood's remote recess,
 The rose is bright in vain;
 Then shou'd you, born to shine and bless,
 In solitude remain?
 Fly, fly these formal sage delights!
 Hither, sweet maid, repair!
 Where ev'ry sprightly joy invites,
 That youth and sense can share.

XI.

Here pleasure, with her rosy wing,
 Still broods o'er something new;
 Amusements here incessant spring,
 As graces rise in you.
 When banish'd from its sylvan seat,
 Joy finds its shelter here,
 Bids winter haste on downy feet,
 And gilds the gloomy year.

XII.

XII.

Haste, Celia! haste, let love persuade;

Our various pleasures try;

Advance, in awful charms array'd,

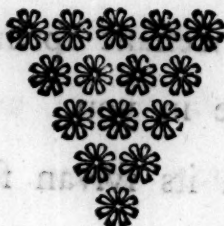
With softness in thine eye:

And when, bright-gleaming o'er the plain,

The summer's dawn is seen,

Return to rural life again,

And reign the little queen.



[193]

E P I G R A M.

QUOTH his heir, to Sir John,
I'd to travel begone,
Like others, the world for to see:
Quoth Sir John, to his heir,
Prithee, novice, forbear,
For I'd not have the world to see thee.

TO MRS. MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

The humble Petition of ENVY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your hapless Petitioner, wrinkled with age,
Has long been predominant over the stage;
To actors and actresses very well known,
And thinks ev'ry bosom, but yours, is her own;
It grieves her full sore she the honour can't claim,
To dwell in your heart, or attend on your fame.

C c

Adorn'd

Ordain'd the mind's cares to dispel or beguile,
 To draw the sad tear, or create the glad smile,
 A thousand ways form'd to attract and delight,
 Too genteel in person, in beauty too bright,
 You boast, worthy madam, such matchless perfection,
 That, ah, your petitioner sinks on reflection !
 If e'er she endeavour'd aspiring to seem,
 She instant was vanquish'd by love and esteem ;
 She finds 'tis in vain your desert to pursue,
 For meteor-like far, you rise out of her view.

The world is convinc'd that, devoid of pretence,
 You're bless'd with good-nature, with wit, and good sense;
 Then, oh, let your suppliant most humbly beseech,
 You'd lower yourself, till you come within reach ;
 And ne'er, in particular, gracefully dance,
 To captivate more than the ladies of France.

Grant, ma'am, this petition, without more delay ;
 And Envy, in duty bound, ever shall pray. &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,

With Sally can compare ;

She wins the hearts of all the swains,

And rivals all the fair.

The beams of sol delight and chear,

While summer seasons roll ;

But Sally's smiles can all the year

Give summer to the soul.

II.

When from the east the morning ray

Illumes the world below,

Her presence bids the god of day

With emulation glow :

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground ;

Birds sweeter notes prepare ;

The playful lambkins skip around,

And hail the sister fair.

III.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice;
 And mimics, while he swells the note,
 The sweetness of her voice:
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume;
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

IV.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim;
 From morn to eve their tale;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal ev'ry vale.
 The stream, meand'ring through the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

V.

V.

No more shall blithsome las and fwain,

To mirthful wake resort;

Nor ev'ry may-morn on the plain

Advance in rural sport:

No more shall gush the gurgling rill,

Nor music wake the grove;

Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,

When I forget to love.

On receiving a Print of the Section of
St. PAUL's Cathedral.

I.

YE prejudic'd! who judge, like fools,

By fix'd, tho' inconsistent rules,

With pre-determin'd eye:

Who doat on art of foreign birth,

With admiration boast its worth

And see your country's die;

II.

II.

Now bring your treasur'd Prints to light ;

'Tis British genius dares the fight ;

And Britons like behold ;

Inspect through reason's equal glass,

If then you think they This surpass,

Own 'tis, — because they're old.

III.

Absurd criterion! — to the clime,

The mark, or name, or length of time,

'Is such great rev'rence due?

Wisdom despises the pretence,

What diff'rence to a judge of sense,

If Brit's old or new?

IV.

Ye partial! love your native isle ;

Then emulous our arts shall smile,

And o'er the world prevail. —

If candour prompt the trump of fame,

This shall immortalize the name,

Of Rooker, Gwyn, and Wale.

To the M U S E.

I Poetry and mirth admire;
Sink sorrow in the sea!
I care not who to thrones aspire,
For what are Kings to me?
Celestial muse! delightful maid!
Pluck each poetic flow'r;
And weave a crown, the brows to shade,
Of her whom I adore.
Attune the harp, the pipe inspire,
The voice of music raise
'Tis Celia fans your sacred fire,
And Celia's be the praise.



The T R O U T, A F A B L E.

To Miss * * *

YES, you have beauty, sense, and wit,
But want a grace that's lovely yet;
What's that, pray? — Prudence, heedless fair!
Much brighter than the others are;
A charm, so excellent confest,
It stamps perfection on the rest.

Where you appear, the servile train
Of fops, impertinent and vain,
Asssemble, flatter, watch your eyes,
And praise your beauty to the skies.
Compleat in each coquettish air,
You ogle here, and flutter there;
And still at concert, ball, or play,
Are gayest of the giddy gay.

A little virtue guards the maid,
 Content in fortune's humble shade;
 A double portion they require
 Who shine, to make the world admire.
 Reflect, Lucinda, while you're proud
 To reign amongst a foppish crowd,
 If self-love make not reason wink,
 And fate prove nearer than you think:
 For, tho' I deem you chaste as snow,
 Some witling, or some fav'rite beau,
 May dull that jewel honour keeps;
 The strictest virtue sometimes sleeps:
 A truth to which you're not a stranger,
 Yet ever running into danger:
 For you this moral tale I print;
 Perhaps your mind may take the hint.

A Trout, the vainest in the tide,
 Had long the angler's skill defy'd;
 With pleasure nibbled ev'ry bait,
 And baulk'd his sure expected fate:

D d

While

While self-conceit inflam'd his breast,
 He, to himself, these lines addrest:
 How wise am I to know my good!
 How fearful half the finny brood!
 I feast on rarities at will;
 My sense evades the latent ill.

It chanc'd one blithsome summer's day,
 When Phœbus shot his fiercest ray,
 Rejoic'd to feel the chearing beams,
 He skim'd the surface of the streams;
 Elate with pride, he flounc'd about;
 A painted, pert, affected Trout;
 A fly that instant o'er him flew;
 He snapt, as fish are wont to do:
 Tho' 'twas not one of nature's flies,
 But art's, conceal'd in her disguise.

Compell'd to quit the lucid wave,
 He mourn'd the fate his folly gave;
 And, gasping on the river's side,
 Convicted by himself, he cry'd;

And

And am I then at last betray'd?
 At last by fraud a captive made?
 My gay companions of the brook,
 Oh, guard against th' infidious hook!
 A thousand schemes deceit can try;
 Who'd dream destruction from a fly?
 The ling'ring death I now endure,
 Proceeds from being too secure;
 My own delusion's my undoing;
 And vanity is caution's ruin.

Written extempore, on seeing Mr. GARRICK,
 in the Character of Lord CHALKSTONE, in
 the Farce of Lethe.

I.

WELL done, old boy! — pshaw, damn the gout!
 The Chalkstones never fail;
 Thy spirits, tho' thy limbs give out,
 Are brisk as bottled ale.

II.

Claret the languid nerves renews;
 Champagne creates desire;
 The glas a pretty girl can chuse;
 What more can lord require?

III.

Let grave-ones dictate temp'rate rules;
 Their nonsense to the Great:
 Such sober maxims suit the fools
 Who're born to no estate.

IV.

To save the land, or arts restore,
 Their life let others waste;
 Who cannot game, and drink, and whore,
 Is not a Peer of taste.

V.

Chalkstone! thy rank thou truly know'st: —
 The nobleman I see!
 And, heav'n be prais'd! our isle can boast
 Of many a Lord like thee.

The

The C O N V E R T.

THE sun beam'd forth intensely bright,
 Exulting in meridian light,
 When blooming Sylvia fought the bow'r,
 To pass in shade the noon-tide hour ;
 It chanc'd that I too wander'd there ;
 And, when reclin'd I saw the fair,
 A soft desire my soul possess'd,
 And fondness melted in my breast.
 Oh, goddess of my heart ! I cry'd,
 Lo, nature smiles in genial pride !
 The feather'd warblers coo and bill,
 But sweeter Sylvia's cruel still ?
 To gentler use thy charms employ ;
 The voice of love invites to joy.

Canst thou, she answer'd, breathe the name
 Of love, yet urge a sensual flame ?
 True passion hopes sublimer joys ;
 It never to possess destroys ;

And

And beauty only looks divine
While virtue gives it light to shine.

With all successful knowledge told
Wou'd melt the kind, or warm the cold,
I strove her reas'ning to confute ;
But fortitude was absolute ;
Her voice had magic like her eyes,
And wisdom fix'd her beauty's prize.
Converted now, self-satisfied,
Adoring what I once decried,
Deserting folly's giddy maze,
Induc'd fair chastity to praise,
Before love's sacred throne I bend ;
Dear Sylvia's swain, and virtue's friend.



SONG.

S O N G.

I.

PUSH around the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass,
 That at cares of the world can repine ;
 'Twas our sorrow to drown, and dispel fortune's frown,
 That Jove sent us the juice of the vine :
 'Tis but this in all sects that true friendship protects,
 And irradiates the lamp of our clay ;
 This the parsons' looks teach, tho' against it they preach;
 So regard them who please, I say.

II.

'Tis not long ago, since a vicar I know,
 But whose name 'twere ungodly to tell ;
 Round the bottle and bowl, fat with many a good soul,
 Full of glee, till ding dong went the bell ;
 Then heaving a hick-up, and chair with a kick-up,
 " I must go or the church will complain ;
 But friends don't think me rude, I swear by my priesthood,
 I'll just preach, and be with you again."

So

III.

So the parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
 With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest ;
 To the pulpit he 'rose, but soon fell in a doze,
 And roar'd, " Excellent wine I protest."
 The whole congregation, in great consternation,
 Left the church, with a sigh at the cause ;
 But the clerk, more devout, cries, fir, fir, they're all out,
 " Oh, then fill 'em again, my brave boys !"

IV.

Tho' in law 'tis design'd, Justice still shou'd be blind,
 Yet she'll peep if self-int'rest but call ;
 And I'm certain you wou'd, with a hoghead that's good,
 Bribe the council, judge, jury, and all.
 I was one of the quest, on a man gone to rest,
 And said felo-de-se, if 'tis so ;
 Cry'd the first of the jury, and damn'd like a fury,
 " Sir, not your fellow, I'd have you know !"

V.

I once kept a kind miss, and surpriz'd her in blifs,

With a quaker, a cuckoldy knave;

Why how now, you false punk! oh, my dear, I was drunk:

As she reason'd so well, I forgave.

If to drink be a fault, by the scriptures we're taught,

For old Noah wou'd tipple they say;

And we gather from hence, that all mortals of sense,

Shou'd be fons of old Noah,—huzza!



The CONFESSION.

O H, Sephaliffa! dearest maid!

So blooming, kind, and free,

The goddess of Cythera's shade

Is not so fair as thee!

Thy image always fills my mind;

The theme of ev'ry song;

I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,

But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd;

Have oft been false and true;

And when the last my fancy tir'd,

It wander'd round to you.

Then while I can I'll be sincere,

As turtles to their mates:

This moment's yours and mine my dear!

The next you know is fate's.



The HAPPY MINUTE.

AS Chloe sat shelter'd, and breath'd the cool air,
 While music enliven'd the grove,
 Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy fair,
 In all the soft language of love :
 But she was so cruel, his suit she deny'd,
 And laugh'd as he told her his pain ;
 And while the poor shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,
 I will die a virgin, fond swain.
 Oh, what, says the youth, must thy beauty, so gay
 Distract us at once and invite ?
 Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey
 Of that which was meant for delight.
 When age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkled o'er,
 What lover for Chloe will sigh ?
 But still all her answer was, tease me no more,
 I'll never, no never, comply.

He swore, by young Cupid, no other he'd prize,
 His flame was so strong, and sincere :
 Soon softest intelligence shot from her eyes,
 And conquer'd his doubt and his fear :
 My joys shall be secret! enraptur'd he cry'd,
 Ah, Chloe, be gentle and good!
 The fair-one grew kinder, and sighing reply'd,
 I'd fain die a maid,—if I cou'd.



[213]

A T R I O

S W A I N.

HOW imperfect the joys of the soul!

How insipid life's journey must be!

How unsocial the seasons must roll,

To the wretches who dare not be free!

N Y M P H.

Ev'ry youth loyal courage can fire,

To the fair kind and constant must prove;

British maids shall their merit admire,

And reward them with beauty and love.

C H O R U S.

Blooming plenty shall smile on our fields;

Sweet contentment shall prompt us to sing;

And our own be what industry yields,

Long as George, gracious George! is our king.

S W A I N.

S W A I N.

Nought but liberty life can refine ;

'Tis the wreath with which England is crown'd ;
See, we're blest'd with the oak and the vine !

And we drain the bowl all the year round.

N Y M P H.

Oh, may honour glow bright in each breast !

And the faithless may infamy brand !

To the nation they always are best

Who are true to the nymphs of the land.

C H O R U S.

Blooming beauty shall smile on our fields ;

Sweet contentment shall prompt us to sing,

And our own be what industry yields,

Long as George, gracious George ! is our king.

S W A I N.

Let us wake when our genius inspires ;

Let no follies our virtue enslave ;

Let us prove ourselves great as our fires,

And rise Britons, as glorious as brave.

N Y M P H.

N Y M P H.

Let the foes of Britannia proceed ;

Let them rouse up revenge if they dare ;

Still we've heroes enough that will bleed

For their country, their king, and the fair.

C H O R U S.

Blooming plenty shall smile on our fields ;

Sweet contentment shall prompt us to sing,

And our own be what industry yields,

Long as George, gracious George! is our king.



F I N I S.